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THE BOOKMAN

AN OPEN LETTER TO H. L. MENCKEN

By Hugh Walpole

MY dear Mencken,

I have been intending to write to you for some months past a personal and private letter with nothing more urgent in it than an affectionate greeting and a strong appeal to you to come over here as soon as possible and share my excellent Irish whisky, but there have been certain utterances of yours in "The Smart Set" during the past few months that have led me to make this letter a public one, because the matter of it seems to me of general interest.

I know that you are set tight in your own opinions like a toad in its hole, and you know how greatly, in the past, I have admired many of those same dogmatisms. It is only because I admire so greatly your critical mind and feel that you are doing a most important work for English as well as American letters, that I write to you as I do. There is little hope of changing you, but it is time that someone on this side of the Atlantic challenged some of your absurd views about the English novel and, above all, about English contemporary criticism.

In these recent numbers of "The Smart Set" you have returned again and again to the main charges; one, that the English critics are engaged in a sort of conspiracy against the contemporary American novel; the other, that the same English critics are busied with log-rolling in connection with their favorite novelists. You make distinct charges, for instance, that no American novelist, save Hergesheimer, and Edith Wharton, is treated with any respect over here: that is, that we deliberately and of malice aforethought despise and condemn James Branch Cabell, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Floyd Dell, Ben Hecht and the rest, and that we praise the works of, in your opinion, poor novelists like Frank Swinnerton and Michael Sadleir, and neglect the genius of such an author as W. L. George. You also imply that the American public is paying too

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much attention to the contemporary English novel and is neglecting the brilliant new American novel now arising. Why, you ask, should the Americans flatter the English in this way when the English so utterly neglect the American?

My dear Mencken, it is really time that you paid a visit to this happy little island of ours. I should be very sorry indeed were you to come just at the time of my visit to America. I look forward to eating, if not drinking, with you in Baltimore, but even at the risk of missing your most engaging company, I do beg you to come over. I regard it as a matter of the utmost importance that the English and American novelists should just at this time go hand in hand together. There is a new American novel of the greatest interest and individualism, just as there is a new language. It has already certain characteristics most definitely of its own, yielding nothing to past tradition, English or other, standing strongly on its own feet, the most interesting movement, I think, in American letters of the last fifty years.

There is no reason however why, because of this new and splendid phenomenon, the American critics should decide that the American public has no more use for the English novel. The more individual and distinctive the American novel becomes, the more different will it be from the English and the more enjoyable will both be in comparison and in friendly rivalry. It is quite impossible, for instance (to take one or two recent examples), for any Englishman to father such books as "Main Street", "Moon-Calf", "Miss Lulu Bett", "Cytherea", or "Three Soldiers", just as it would be equally impossible for "To Let" or "Dangerous Ages" or "The Death of Society" or "Crome Yellow" to have come from an American talent. Surely this is a good thing. Instead of both countries producing, as they were engaged in doing twenty years ago, insipid historical romances that might have come from anywhere, the younger generations of both peoples are now working on their own grounds, cultivating most happily their own gardens.

That brings me directly to your charge that the English critics are neglecting the more recent American novelists. You except Edith Wharton and Joseph Hergesheimer, so I will not speak of them, only hinting in parenthesis that if you imagine that Hergesheimer's art is European rather than American, you are making the greatest mistake of your young critical life; but is it true for a single moment that Cabell, Booth Tarkington, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Miss Cather and the others are passed over here? That their novels do not command great sales here is perfectly true. For some reason, the American novel presents English readers with conditions that are very difficult for them to understand. Part of the difficulty is beyond question this problem of the new American language. Take "Main Street" or "Three Soldiers" or "Moon-Calf", and you will find pages of those books peppered with phrases that to nine Englishmen out of ten are quite unintelligible. When you get to the words of Don Marquis or Ring Lardner they might, for most English readers, be just as readily written in Russian or Chinese. But it is not only difficulty of language. American conditions simply have no parallel in this country. The majority of Englishmen have not visited the United States, and many of those who have been there have penetrated no far-

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ther than the wilds of New York and Chicago.

Such a book as one of the very finest of all American novels, "My Antonia", is simply not intelligible to the ordinary English reader, and the small sales of "Main Street" over here are entirely due to the fact that we have nothing in our country at all parallel with the cultural conditions of your own small towns. It would be in many ways much better for us if we had.

That these writers are critically neglected, is simply untrue. You mention Cabell's name. The limited edition of "Jurgen" that John Lane published over here has been one of the great successes of the autumn. The 3,000 copies of that edition were sold out within the first fortnight, and booksellers are besieged with requests for it. That book had columns of reviews in all the leading literary journals. The only important paper that treated it with contempt was "The London Mercury", whose notices of fiction are by far its weakest section. "Figures of Earth", which has just appeared here, has again been treated with the most serious attention. Sherwood Anderson has hitherto been presented in England by his weakest work only, and it is not the fault of the English critics if they do not yet realize how considerable an artist he is. Such a book as Ben Hecht's "Erik Dorn" has not, I think, yet been published here, but in any case you would not, I imagine, wish to have that represented as the finest flower of American contemporary genius. Booth Tarkington has had critical attention here for years. "The Narrow House" by Evelyn Scott received any number of reviews, and "Miss Lulu Bett" was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm.

The fact, however, remains that the American novel is at present dealing with conditions unknown to the English reader, while the English novel is speaking of manners and customs that have been known for generations to American visitors.

I come to your second charge, which is that the English reviewer is a fellow of small cliques and coteries who is engaged in praising only the works of his own set. Never was there anything falser. You instance certain names, Frank Swinnerton, Michael Sadleir and others. The fact of the matter is that there is a very wholesome tendency among English critics here to knock any novelist on the head as soon as he shows signs of getting above himself. This is an admirable and most natural instinct in human nature, peculiar not only to the English. You will remember that Henry James in some articles in the "Times" just before the war collected certain young novelists together and either patted them on the head or rapped them on the knuckles according to the way in which you interpreted his rather mysterious prose. In any case, he gave them undue prominence, they having but just then chipped the egg, having the whole of their young literary lives in front of them. They have suffered from this paternal blessing ever since, and in their case, at any rate, there have been no logs rolled. Neither W. L. George nor Frank Swinnerton was mentioned by Henry James. Mr. George has had, it is true, some severe criticism for his last two or three novels, but that is because they are provocative and argumentative, they were pacifist in tendency during the war, and have on one occasion at least been concerned with backgrounds that were not perhaps the atmospheres in which his talent could work most naturally.

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Frank Swinnerton, until after the publication of "Nocturne", had universal praise from the critics. After "Nocturne" he became a public figure, a definite representative of the younger English novel and therefore a legitimate Aunt Sally. "Coquette", one of his very best novels and certainly one of the best English novels of the last ten years, received a very mixed press indeed, and you are quite wrong if you imagine that he is being praised unduly. He is working most wisely in a small corner of contemporary English life that he knows absolutely, that is his own by right of mastery, and if you think "Nocturne", "Coquette", "On the Staircase", and "The Happy Family" are poor novels, I can only reply to you that you don't know the English life of which he is writing.

As to Michael Sadleir, of whose "Privilege" you spoke with a contemptuous sniff, there has, in his case, been no conspiracy to praise. The reviews of that book were very divided. I would not have expected you to be in sympathy with it. It is a romantic work both definitely and deliberately, and has for its most ancient ancestor the highly colored Mrs. Radcliffe whose fiction I suspect you of never having read.

But these are mere matters of opinion. What I want to say to you is that there is no evidence anywhere of log-rolling in the reviewing of fiction in England today. With regard to modern poetry I am not so sure, but I can speak there with no authority.

What it comes to, my dear Mencken, is that we want you over here for a little while. Aren't you conscious yourself of an increasing tinge of provincialism in your critical utterances? Don't you really think that there is plenty of room for the contemporary English and American novels to walk hand in hand? What we want over here is some definite authority who will speak to us about the present development of the American novel. You're the man for that. Come over and help us. I can promise you a most cordial welcome.

Yours ever,

HUGH WALPOLE.

SONGS OF LIGHT

By Pascal D'Angelo

III

THE mountains! The great mountains lift up their million cups
Filled with the fermenting wine of heights
Where the aspiring souls may drink and stand gazing upward
In a blue daze of altitude!

Below heaves disgusted wrath,
Growling for the hour to break over the dazzling pinnacles,
Like a lost storm, that in shrilling thunders
Calls its mate out of the azure cavern of time.

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THE RIDDLE OF PEACE LITERATURE

By Charles Seymour

With Caricatures by Will Coyne

Col. House

NOW that the story of the Peace Conference has begun to make its exit from the realm of politics and enters that of history, public interest begins to die, for, as our undergraduates remark, it is difficult to get excited over history. But certain compensations may be available, and many have hoped that the veil of bias and prejudice might be stripped off, and that serious curiosity about the personalities of the conference and their methods might be fully satisfied. No one of the books written by Keynes, Beck, Lansing, and Tardieu, however, can be read without a meticulously critical eye, although of the four, the last-named presents a picture incomparably closer to the truth than any of the others and furnishes a more than average justification of its title. They are all, in essence, political pamphlets—*Tendenzschriften*—and in the case of none of them was the purpose of the writer so much to present the actual facts as to convert the reader to a particular point of view.

Mr. Keynes is primarily concerned in proving that the financial clauses of the Versailles Treaty were unjust and unwise. In order to catch the reader's attention and lure him on to a perusal of the dry statistics of later chapters, he has sketched a highly colored picture of the Council of Four, vivid in its adjectives and largely correct in its externals; but a picture that conveys a wholly false impression of the character of the principals as well as of their methods. Mr. Beck attempts to portray the obstinacy and egocentrism of President Wilson at Paris as an argument against ratification of his policies. His criticism is not likely to be taken as seriously as that of Mr. Keynes, for he was not a participant in the conference and the two dramatic interludes in which he presents his picture of the conference, are frankly imaginative. His essay on President Wilson's character, on the other hand, cannot be disregarded and is probably as able a defense of the especially indefensible aspects of Mr. Lodge's attitude as could be written.

Mr. Balfour

But it adds nothing to our knowledge of the Peace Conference. Mr. Lansing is interested primarily in proving his loyalty to a chief who would not follow his advice. He proves unquestionably what most people had guessed, that Mr. Wilson was not in the habit of consulting those with whom he disagreed on basic principles; and he raises the interesting problem as to why the President wanted Mr. Lansing to

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be Secretary of State and why Mr. Lansing wanted to remain in his office under Mr. Wilson. The fact of Mr. Lansing's exclusion from all important negotiations at Paris, which is abundantly exemplified in his book, prevents the story from throwing important light on the conference. M. Tardieu is protagonist of the Versailles Treaty, protecting it from the attacks of his compatriots, in order to defend the political memory of Clemenceau and incidentally to strengthen his own political position. Although written in scarcely concealed partisan vein, his book has a real historical value totally lacking in the other three, for it rests upon the comprehensive and intimate knowledge belonging to Clemenceau's chief lieutenant and it is fortified by complete documentary material. No better explanation of the French point of view at the conference could be desired.

M. Briand

Historians should be grateful to M. Tardieu, for he has annihilated a number of myths which have certainly affected world politics unfavorably, and which threatened to distort permanent judgment of the methods and personalities of the conference. He has shown us definitely that the Council of Four was not the battle of wits portrayed by Mr. Keynes, in which President Wilson "this blind and deaf Don Quixote was entering a cavern where the swift and glittering blade was in the hands of the adversary". It is true that this purely imaginative characterization had been questioned by some who knew Wilson at home and denied by others who saw him abroad. Even Mr. Beck, most bitter of all critics of the President, insists that Keynes's portrait of Wilson as conscientious idealist, dull in mental processes and unequipped in knowledge of statecraft, is wholly misleading. Still the picture remained ineffaced from the minds of many Americans. Tardieu, an unbiased witness certainly, attests its falsity. Coming in closer contact with the President than either Keynes or Beck, he characterizes Wilson neither as the ignorant dolt of the former's imagination nor the shifty opportunist of Mr. Beck's satiric dialogs, who covered by "vague nebulosity" the "patchwork of contradictory utterances and actions which make up the Wilson foreign policy". The Frenchman, on the other hand, emphasizes the "abundant clearness of a didactic logician" which marked Wilson's arguments, and says of his powers of exposition in another connection, "I do not believe that ever problem was more clearly defined." His estimate of the President coincides with that of the American delegates who saw Wilson most intimately at Paris, and who take issue directly with Mr. Lansing's assumption that because Wilson failed to take advice from his Secretary of State he must therefore be ignorant of the issues of the conference. Thus Mr. Haskins, who worked with Wilson on the Saar problem, describes him as being the man most eager for the facts of the case—"none was able to assimilate them more quickly or use them more effectively." And Mr. Johnson, who saw the President at close range in the study of the Adriatic problem, says that "of the details and intricacies of this most difficult problem the President possessed a most astonishing command". As to Wilson's dislike of

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advice Mr. Lamont says, "I never saw a man more ready and anxious to consult."

Tardieu's appreciation of Wilson's capacity, as displayed at Paris, is the more striking in that he discusses definitely and at length the opposition which the President offered to French aspirations, especially in the case of the Saar and the left bank of the Rhine. The Frenchman is no eulogist, and was evidently irritated by the American's failure to appreciate the peculiar position of France, placed geographically at the mercy of her stronger neighbor across the Rhine and therefore insistent upon especial protection. But he gladly acknowledges the debt of France to Wilson for the stand which the latter took in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine. "Just as by his supreme authority he had welded public opinion in his country on the principle of the case, so in its application he loyally helped us in securing the necessary guarantees. I wish here to express to him my deep gratitude."

The French author and plenipotentiary has done still greater service to history than this rehabilitation of Wilson's work at Paris—a rehabilitation the more valuable in than it is half unconscious and rendered by a man who is not a professed admirer of the President. Tardieu has shown with inexorable lucidity that the generally accepted picture of the Council of Four as an iniquitous sink of tortuous intrigue, wherein were concocted the infamous bargains that crystallized in the Versailles settlement, is equally a product of the imagination. Mr. Lansing, Mr. Keynes, Mr. Beck are all, to some degree, responsible for this popular misconception. Tardieu, who more than any man alive, except Colonel House, knows the exact truth, makes plain the process by which the treaties came into being:

> For the convenience of controversy the story was widely circulated of the most formidable Treaty in history hurriedly improvised and thrown together by four fallible and ill-informed men closeted in a dark room, imposing upon the world their whim as law. The time has come to meet this fable with the facts. The Treaty was studied, prepared, and discussed for six long months by fifty-eight technical commissions on which sat the foremost specialists of each country, which held 1,646 meetings. The conclusions of these commissions, verified by twenty-six local investigations, were discussed from January 10 to June 28 by three bodies: the Council of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which held thirty-nine meetings; the Council of Ten, which held seventy-two meetings, and the Council of Four, which held one hundred and forty-five meetings. These three councils also gave hearings to the chairmen of the technical commissions, and all the representatives of Allied or neutral countries interested. Finally when at the beginning of May, the texts were settled upon, the cabinets of the various Powers were called into consultation.

Another legend which has been brushed aside by Tardieu is that which sketched the chiefs of state as each engaged primarily in the interesting but sterile process of hoodwinking the others. This has been denied by almost every writer who gained access to the meetings of the Council of Four, but it is fortunate that a definite denial should come from the pen of Tardieu, who stood closest to Clemenceau and was in more intimate contact with Lloyd George and Wilson than any other foreigner. According to Tardieu:

> In France it has been said that Clemenceau was the dupe of Wilson and Lloyd George, in the United States that Wilson was the plaything of Lloyd George, and in England Mr. Keynes has written that

M. Clemenceau

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Clemenceau turned the trick alone. This childish and contradictory explanation, convenient to politicians, must be abandoned. The exaggerated honour or the insult which it implies to the three leaders must be repudiated. The truth is that from the first day to the last, with a deep desire to reach agreement, the discussion proceeded foot by foot. . . . . These three men, for whom needless to say I have not the same personal feeling, forced upon me the same conviction about them all; the conviction that in their unheard-of task they managed to maintain and make even closer the bonds that bind our three countries, the breaking of which would spell disaster to civilization. They only did so with great difficulty. In their search for essential unanimity, they sometimes discovered that they neither knew one another well nor understood one another fully. Nevertheless they reached agreement, and reached it by open, straight and honest paths. This I assert, and I assert it because I was there and others who have said the contrary were not.

Mr. Lloyd George

Tardieu's work is strictly concerned with the German Treaty; he does not touch upon the other settlements in which he was also closely busied. Nor does he take up one aspect of the conference which he was well qualified to handle, namely the work and personalities of the delegates of the smaller Powers. This topic has been briefly treated by Mr. Lansing in a later publication, which is of more historical importance than his "Peace Negotiations". One might have expected it from Dr. Dillon, who because of his intimacy with Bratiano and other statesmen of southeastern Europe could have given us a valuable and picturesque narrative; but the veteran journalist preferred to excoriate the major leaders whose company he was denied and of whom he accordingly knew little. Much of great interest might be written of the Greeks, the Poles, the Czechs, and the Jugo-Slavs. Venizelos of Greece was, perhaps, the most impressive. Bespectacled and bearded, of parchment pallor, he looked, at casual glance, the scholar rather than man of action, the philosopher of dreamy, unfathomable expression. But a closer glance might catch the glint in his eyes behind the heavy lenses, which now and again revealed the statesman who, like Cavour, knew when gambling formed a factor in statesmanship, and could stake everything upon the cast of the political dice. It was not impossible to discover the revolutionist of Cretan days and the rebel of 1916. Venizelos conquered by an exaggerated honesty. Where other diplomats supported their claims by *ex parte* assertions and questionable statistics, Venizelos began by admitting the weak points in his case so charmingly that he won the confidence of all his auditors. The result was that whenever there seemed an iota of justice in his contention, his demands were granted in full. His manner was a perfect antithesis to what Mr. Shaw would call the "mesmeric self-assertiveness" of Lloyd George, but it was even more effective. When Venizelos addressed the Supreme Council, the chiefs of state seemed to be listening to an oracle, and to his behests they gave the most careful heed.

Of different mold but no less interesting was the boyish Foreign Minister of the young Czecho-Slovak Republic, Edward Beneš. A pupil and assistant of Masaryk at the University of Prague, the war had forced him from academic seclusion and made of him a patriot revolutionary and nation-builder. It was Beneš who helped to organize the Czech movement against the Hapsburgs within the empire and to secure the recognition of the

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new revolutionary state by the great Powers without. Slight and alert, with twinkling eyes, his greatest political asset was an imperturbable yet vivacious good temper. Nothing daunted and nothing ruffled him, and his ready smile often triumphed where mere logic might have failed. The value of an even temperament to a diplomat was never so apparent as on that day when the Supreme Council gave to the Rumanian and Czech delegates the description of the new boundaries drafted by the special territorial commissions. Bratiano, black-bearded and gloomy, listened in sullen protest to the document which promised to double the territories of his country, but which denied him the full extent of the extreme claims which he had advanced. Beneš, on the other hand, appeared delighted at the work of the commission. When Clemenceau asked the Rumanian whether he had anything to say, Bratiano, struggling with emotion, replied that the new boundary was impossible, that he could not betray his country by accepting it, and that he must return to Bucharest if it were not improved. Clemenceau, with his characteristic short gesture, expressive of the slightest touch of irony, and with the ghost of an arid smile, indicated the door and turned to Beneš. "My only comment", said the latter, "is that we Czechs accept with gratitude what the commission has drafted. The boundary is excellent and we ask no amendments. If, however"— with a deprecatory smile directed toward the chairman of the commission, Jules Cambon — "if the commission would consider—not amendments—but the slightest of *rectifications*, we believe that the boundary might be made perfect. But we do not wish our request to be construed as a criticism of the draft as it stands." Naturally the hearts of the territorial commission warmed at such appreciation, and the geniality of Beneš's manner succeeded where the brusque protest of Bratiano had proved of no effect. The commission readily agreed to consider the suggested "rectifications" and approved them all. Beneš secured everything that he could have hoped for, while the Rumanians were ultimately compelled to accept the line which Bratiano had scorned.

Mr. Wilson

Some day we may hope that full justice will be done the personalities of the son of the Cherif of Mecca, Prince Feisal, and his adviser and closest friend, Colonel Lawrence. The world knows something of the career of Lawrence, the young Oxford scholar, who organized the Arabian revolt against the Turks, threw the physical and moral weight of the Kingdom of the Hedjaz into the military scales, and more than redressed the balance which for a time seemed so unfavorable to the Allies in the Near East. Of Feisal, journalists have printed a few pictures and paragraphs, but from Lawrence alone can we hope to know something of the man's real character. Externally his was the most impressive figure in Paris, tall and spare in his white flowing robes, his dark face, with thin aquiline nose and carefully trimmed and curled mustache and beard, framed

Prince Feisal

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in golden Arabian headdress. His manner was redolent of the east and the Arabian Nights, majestic and condescending. His gestures might truly be described as "lordly" in the sense of childhood imagination; as he sat finishing his cigarette he never extinguished the glowing butt in an ash tray, but flung it carelessly over his shoulder, regardless as to what holes it might burn in costly carpet or polished mahogany. Much of the conversation of the Arabians centred about a certain sacred crocodile of gold with a pearl tail, which had disappeared during the war. No one knew who had taken it, but the Arabians were determined that in every treaty there must be a clause to the effect that whoever had taken the crocodile must give it back.

If the published books on the conference tell us little of the delegates of the smaller states, still less do they hint at the activities and personalities of the men who really made the treaties, the foreign office experts, who sat behind their principals at the Council of Ten, whispering into their ears corrections of the wild statements and figures advanced in debate, indicating the location of the Banat, or of Klagenfurt, or of the Dobrudja on gigantic maps, who primed the "Olympians" with facts and arguments, and sometimes went far toward deciding the major issues of policy. In the British delegation there was no more striking figure than that of Sir Eyre Crowe, who after the signing of the German Treaty took Lloyd George's place in the Supreme Council, and who during the early stages of the conference represented Great Britain on most of the territorial commissions. With genuine Irish red hair and heavy mustache, his countenance cross-lined with a network of tiny wrinkles, there was in his appearance, at a slight distance, the suggestion of Lord Randolph Churchill; no one, however, excelled Crowe in tact. Speaking French as fluently as his native tongue, he had a histrionic capacity which proved of infinite value in debate, for he could assume a tone of vexation or of pathos, of veiled menace or of appeal; now he would beg his opponents to display their "well-known spirit of tolerance" and modify their opposition; again he would profess his sincere desire to yield his point if only his "esteemed colleagues could prove to him the slightest inconsistency in his attitude". His opposition was always indirect, yet he gave a perfect appearance of absolute frankness, and no man knew better how to arrange a favorable compromise. Behind his diplomatic skill lay the broadest knowledge of European history, geography, and politics and an infinite capacity to undergo continuous hours of labor.

Sec. Hughes

Nor should Tardieu himself be forgotten in this connection. As Colonel House has remarked, he was the one nearly indispensable man at the conference. He was ideally fitted to be the right hand man of Clemenceau, both by experience and temperament. He had studied for years the international politics of Europe and during the war had been brought into the closest relations with Americans, British, and Italians. A natural "mixer", able to meet men of all types and estates on their own ground, with perfect control of his emotions and the keenest sense of the practicable, he drifted inevitably into the position of

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"troubleman", to be used whenever some especially knotty problem had to be adjusted through personal consultation. To Mr. Lansing it is abhorrent that problems of world wide significance should have been settled by a small special committee of two or three; but only by such methods could solutions be found for the Saar or Danzig, and it was generally Tardieu whose mediating capacity paved the road to ultimate success. There was scarcely a section of the treaties over which he had not labored. His book proves the intimacy of his knowledge of the German Treaty, and that knowledge was even more extensive when it came to the Austrian, Hungarian, and Bulgarian settlements. Debonair and elegant, courteous to the attaché of least importance as to plenipotentiaries, the single Frenchman who did not quail before the ferocious glances that Clemenceau shot from under his shaggy white eyebrows, Tardieu must take rank with the strongest and most effective of all the delegates at Paris.

Of the books that might be written on the personal side of the conference, the one which the future historian would greet with greatest enthusiasm would be the reminiscences of the official interpreter, Captain Mantoux. Always in the centre of the most vital discussion, and never a part of it, he alone possesses the knowledge and the fulness of perspective. His was the most familiar figure in the Council of Ten, with his closely trimmed red beard and alert eyes, catching the sense of every speech, ready to put it into the other language not merely in words but in spirit, enthusiastic as though the points made in each speech were his own. He accompanied the Council of Four to their secret meetings in the little room downstairs at the President's house on the Place des Etats Unis, and was with them in their consultations with advisers in the larger room upstairs, standing in front of the great fireplace, not a mere translator, but a mine of reference. The briefest of essays founded upon Mantoux's notes would be worth ten times as much historically as the imaginative cleverness of Mr. Beck, the false color of Mr. Keynes, or the story of Mr. Lansing's personal relations with the President. Such an essay would lack the technical value and comprehensiveness of Tardieu's defense of the treaty, but it would provide a wealth of personal atmosphere which the latter has not attempted.

M. Venizelos

Mr. Keynes's second book and the collection of notes penned by Mr. Wells at Washington during the Armament Conference, deal with the world two years after the Versailles Treaty. Mr. Wells is careful not to set himself down as chronicler of the Washington Conference, and the last of his notes is written in December, so that he can make no attempt to evaluate its achievements. He is simply soliloquizing on world affairs, and the result is more suggestive than outline history. He is interested chiefly in emphasizing the dangers which confront civilization, the failure of the Versailles Treaty to ward them off, and the necessity of international cooperation as the sole permanent and practical solution. "So long as this divided and threatening state of affairs continues", he writes, "there can be no stability, no real general recovery. . . . And this fate is not threatening civilization; it is happening before

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our eyes. The ship of civilization is not going to sink in five years' time or in fifty years' time. It is sinking now. Russia is under the waterline . . . ."

What I have quoted is written before the conference opens; Mr. Wells is appalled by the immensity of the issue and the apparent inadequacy of the statesmen and their methods. As it proceeds he renders high praise to the courage and statesmanship of Mr. Hughes, and he is as pleased as he is surprised by the cooperative spirit displayed by the Japanese. By the middle of December he feels that the results of the decisions taken on disarmament, Pacific, and Chinese problems offer a basis that may sustain an organized permanent peace. For France he has, naturally, many hard words, although he recognizes that in the nation and apart from the politicians, there may exist a different spirit. But it seems to me that it is with a rather provincial disregard for French backgrounds that he ascribes the attitude of the French delegates to moral shortcomings rather than to deep-rooted political instincts.

One wonders how Mr. Wells must feel now that the Washington Conference has terminated. It was evidently his hope that the conference would prove to be merely a step toward a universal world association. He believed that the next conference would gather in a "mood of hopefulness and experience" and that America would play in it a rôle of activity and leadership; but his prophecy seems to be belied by events. The aftermath of the Washington Conference has not brought a spirit of closer cooperation in Europe nor is there any sign that the United States is prepared to face European problems as squarely as it did those of the Pacific and of naval armament. On the contrary, it seems obvious that public opinion in general looks back to the Washington Conference rather as a closed chapter and does not regard it merely as a step toward future developments. More than once I have heard recently: "We have done our part; now let Europe do hers."

Mr. Keynes's book on the revision of the Versailles Treaty shows very clearly why it is that Europe cannot do her part without our cooperation. He is careful to state that the United States can stand aside if she chooses, that she can demand the repayment of Allied debts and even hope to collect the British debt. But he shows also that it would by no means be advantageous for us to do so. His book traces briefly the history of reparations since the Paris Conference and shows that the reparations clauses have never been enforced. To this fact and to the extraordinary patience of the peoples he ascribes the failure of the more dire of the prophecies which he made in "The Economic Consequences of the Peace". He has the satisfaction of indicating, however, that almost all people, the French excepted, have now come to agree with his conviction that the Versailles Treaty must be revised: that Germany cannot carry the burden of reparations as finally determined, is obvious. He analyzes the reparation account and concludes that the actual damage to property and persons of civilians committed by Germany, together with the Belgian war debt, may be evaluated at nine billion dollars. This sum, he believes Germany can pay; but he is certain that Germany cannot pay an additional eighteen billion dollars (his estimate for pensions), and he regards the thirty-three billions named by the Reparation Commission as far beyond her powers.

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Mr. Keynes then proceeds to analyze the legality of the Allied claim for pensions, which he insists is contrary to Allied engagements and an act of international immorality. He argues therefore that only the nine billion dollars due from Germany on account of direct damages should be demanded. Great Britain and, if possible, the United States should cancel all debts owing them from the governments of Europe (which, he points out, cannot be collected) and should waive claims to any share in reparation sums paid by Germany. Such a plan, he insists, would be best for all nations: France would receive actual payment far less, certainly, than she now hopes for; but in return she would be forgiven her debt to America and to Great Britain. The latter states surrender merely paper claims and give up something which they will never get in any case.

Mr. Keynes is very clever. He can make figures interesting and he argues convincingly. Moreover, this book is not affected — as was his first — by the desire to attract public attention through personal characterizations which were more brilliant than accurate.

The Economic Consequences of the Peace. By J. M. Keynes. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

The Passing of the New Freedom. By James M. Beck. George H. Doran Company.

The Peace Negotiations. By Robert Lansing. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Truth About the Treaty. By André Tardieu. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Big Four and Others of the Peace Conference. By Robert Lansing. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Inside Story of the Peace Conference. By Dr. E. J. Dillon. Harper and Bros.

Washington and the Riddle of Peace. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co.

The Revision of the Treaty. By J. M. Keynes. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

IN THE MAYTIME PEAR ORCHARD

By Grace Hazard Conkling

TELL me
What tumbled petals loose on the wind,
Floating on the clear wind . . .
What waterlily whiteness
On the stream of the wind?

If I could gather this pallor
I could make a moon night.
If I could collect these feathers
I could make a swan . . .
I could make the moon drifting like a swan . . .

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THE DISRAELIAN IRONY

By Stuart P. Sherman

IN this world where, as he was to discover, "nothing is allowed and everything is done", Disraeli was born in 1804, and flourished — flourished is the word — continuously from 1826 till 1881. Certain pairs of celebrities are linked like Alpine climbers; so that if one slips into the crevasse of oblivion, the other pulls him out. Three or four years ago I mentioned to a friend of strongly conservative faith that I was reading Morley's "Gladstone", being at the time midway in the second thick volume of that intricate and austere record of parliamentary combinations and cabinet councils, and perhaps rather proud of my progress.

"You will never finish it," he said. Instantly he added, "Monypenny's 'Disraeli' is another matter."

I smiled and thought otherwise. For I had always admired the high moral seriousness of both Gladstone and his biographer, and had copied into my notebook abundance of the Grand Old Man's injunctions of this order: "Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and noble destiny."

Now Gladstone, whose influence upon the tone of public life was, as I still believe, far more elevating and ennobling than Disraeli's, was characterized by Disraeli as "a sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity". Disraeli himself spoke of life as a "dazzling farce" and an engrossing "game". One does not quite like the gamester's attitude in a statesman. Disraeli was animated, at least in his earlier years, by a peacock vanity. Carlyle had taught us to think of him as a "superlative Hebrew conjuror", to be disdained even by a conservative, provided he were a serious and sober conservative. It was my impression that "Dizzy" and his works were dead, and well dead, and that it would never be really necessary to return to them.

But my friend was right. I left Gladstone at the end of the second volume; and my intention of reading the third volume is still serving as pavement in an overpaved place. Eventually I turned to Disraeli. Everyone was doing so, usually with a contemptuous fling at Gladstone, which pricked curiosity.

When I began the Monypenny-Buckle "Life of Benjamin Disraeli", I repeated, in little, the experience of his own contemporaries; and this is clearly a tribute to the biographers' dispassionate, gradual, exhaustive elaboration of their hero. I contemned him, I ridiculed him, I disapproved of him, I compared his character unfavorably with that of his liberal adversary Gladstone and with that of his Tory leader Lord Derby. I distrusted him. Yet all the while I was amused, astonished, delighted, mystified, impressed, and never wearied by him. And I read straight

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through the six volumes of the Life—interspersing the novels at suitable points—with only a little flagging in the middle, with vivid interest in the final volume, to the victorious and triumphant end. And now I strangely sympathize with the English lady who was asked which she would prefer as a husband, Disraeli or Gladstone. With feelings mixed but not altogether muddled, she replied that she would prefer to be married to Gladstone but in the first year to elope with Disraeli.

II

To say, as has been said, that Gladstone possessed all the virtues and Disraeli all the charms, may account for the duplicity of the English lady's feelings; but it is too simple to explain, for example, the immense vogue of Disraeli's novels in America at a period when the type of society which they exhibited and the political party which they seemed to support were peculiarly obnoxious to the main current of American sentiment. Disraeli, delighting in the splendor of a life in the historic grand style and dreaming of a theocratic polity and an aristocratic renascence, despised the American scene and American institutions as affording no adequate theatre and no adequate rewards for great actors.

Yet multitudes of sober-suited American equalitarians read his duke-thronged novels and followed his parliamentary opposition to "democracy", as they had previously followed Frederick the Great and Napoleon, as they were soon to follow Bismarck, as they were later to follow William II—with fascinated interest and secret iniquitous adoration. When in his old age he came home from the Congress of Berlin, flushed with his great diplomatic victory, having manifestly manœuvred the spoils of the Russo-Turkish War from the very paws of the Russian Bear, even Lowell's old contempt for "Dizzy" struggled vainly against his new admiration. "I think", he said, "if Beaconsfield weren't a Jew, people would think him rather fine." Bismarck, who had studied with the keen hard eye of a *Real-Politiker* all the celebrated contestants at that famous jousting, remarked without qualification: "Der alte Jude, das ist der Mann. . . ." (the old Jew, he is the man that understands the realities in the situation and deals with them effectively).

Bismarck frankly admired, most of us furtively admire, men who get what they go after, whatever it is. Though the better part of mankind respects principles, the greater part of mankind responds, in spite of principles, with the deep ungovernable applause of its primitive nature to exhibitions of successful power. Something within us instinctively murmurs: "Beautiful is virtue, and charm is ingratiating; but power, after all, is the source of all the charms and all the virtues, without which all the virtues and all the charms are but idle attitudes and futile gesticulations." Disraeli refreshes, delights, and inspirits us because his life is a perpetually varied exhibition of successful power, in literature, in society, in politics—power overcoming difficulties, surmounting obstacles, setting itself almost inaccessible objectives, and attaining them by fertile resources and indefatigable tenacity. The pursuit of power and its perquisites and its glories was Disraeli's religion. It is one manifestation of his spirit which is untainted with a touch of insincerity. It is the dominating passion that

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unifies his life and illuminates all that is mysterious and paradoxical in his utterances and in his career.

III

The critic who centres his attention on the old prime minister, Earl of Beaconsfield and lord of Hughenden Manor, may attempt a unification by thinking of him as essentially a natural born Tory and, as Mr. Buckle calls him, an "aristocrat to the bone". It will not do. No one can dissipate the "mystery" of Disraeli who forgets for a moment that he was, like the first Napoleon, an adventurer risen from the people. What does he prove —that the aristocratic system welcomes such men as Disraeli, or that the aristocratic system can't keep such men out? His career on the whole impresses a Liberal less as a glory of the conservative principle than as a bewildering satire upon it. When he had chosen his part, he played it, to be sure, superbly, upholding as loyally as the bluest-blooded of old English nobles the prerogatives of the Crown, the prestige of the Church, the privileges of Parliament, and the predominance of the landed gentry. And yet behind the sallow mask, decorous and immobile, of the Earl of Beaconsfield who had refused a dukedom, there was seldom absent a suggestion of silent, mocking, Semitic laughter. Says Bertie Tremaine in "Endymion", the last novel of one whose deadly banter had made him minister: "Men destined to the highest places should beware of badinage. . . . An insular country subject to fogs, and with a powerful middle class, requires grave statesmen." Now, the best place from which to laugh at Bourbons is their throne.

Disraeli was not born an English Tory. He was born an emancipated Jew, the son of an emancipated Jew. His father Isaac, the literary antiquarian, had withdrawn from business because it bored him, had withdrawn from the synagogue because it annoyed him, had baptized his children because conformity was convenient, and had kept out of politics and other engagements in order to enjoy in the isolation of his rich library the free play of his curious, volatile, speculative mind. By his intellectual detachment, if not by his universal knowledge, he might have served as a model for the omniscient Sidonia of "Coningsby". Benjamin inherited from his father the volatile, speculative mind, with an additional tincture of Voltairian wit. It sported throughout his life with a flame-like swiftness and levity over and under the surfaces of all things, human and divine. It is a charm of Disraeli and the secret of his pervasive and savory irony that his intellect never conformed, never lost its quick untrammeled lambency— that it remained to the end the most mobile of all earthly types of mind, the absolutely aweless intellect of the emancipated Jew.

In the composition of the son there was a fiery element, not present in the father, namely, a romantic imagination, which had been stirred by the French Revolution, colored by the romances of Scott, and kindled to a flame by the poetry of Shelley, and by the poetry, the picturesque travels, and the social celebrity of Lord Byron. As a boy in his teens, Benjamin attended with his father the publisher Murray's literary dinners; and among his earliest jottings is a record of a conversation between him and Tom Moore with regard to Byron who was then, 1822, in exile. The effect of these

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various stimuli upon his lively sensibility was to make him for the time being a literary and political radical, for a long time to come a Byronist in his moods and manners, and perhaps for the rest of his life something of a Byronist in his inexhaustible appetite for celebrity, for being conspicuous, for making an impression. He was to declare later that "a great man is one who affects the mind of his generation". His own experience proved to him that an imaginative writer who molds the purposes of young men entering their majority governs them as truly as the statesman who taxes their incomes.

Byron died in 1824. Disraeli "carried on" in 1826 by publishing at twenty-one his first novel, "Vivian Grey", in which the hero, meditating a career in Parliament, thinks "Don Juan" may serve as a model for his style in the Commons, Milton in the House of Lords. He introduced Byron as Apollo in his delectable skit "Ixion in Heaven" and as Lord Cadurcis in "Venetia". Traveling through the east in imitation of his predecessor, he conceived his "Revolutionary Epick", with its apotheosis of Napoleon, at a Byronic moment, "standing", as he tells us, with full sense of the romantic magnificence of his posture, "upon Asia, and gazing upon Europe, with the broad Hellespont alone between us, and the shadow of night descending on the mountains". He carried on by returning to England smoking a chibouk in token of his oriental sojurn. He wrote oriental tales. He thought himself a great poet afflicted with a hopeless woe. He indulged in gloomy vapors and in outbursts of cynicism. He solaced himself with the society of fair women, with whom he quarreled melodramatically and whom he flattered extravagantly and successfully. He anticipated the sallies of Whistler and Wilde by remarking to a host who had praised his own wine at a dinner party and boasted that he had wine twenty times as good in the cellar: "No doubt, no doubt, but my dear fellow, this is quite good enough for such *canaille* as you have got today." He carried on the Byronic dandyism as a readily available means of imposing upon the imagination of his time. As late as 1833, he is described as appearing at a dinner in "a black velvet coat lined with satin; purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles, falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves, with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down upon his shoulders".

The inside of his romantic ostentation at the age of twenty-nine, his clear-eyed egotism, the anguish of his ambition, the drive and direction of his lust for power, are revealed in a fragment of the journal that he kept in 1833:

> My life has not been a happy one. Nature has given me an awful ambition and fiery passions. My life has been a struggle, with moments of rapture — a storm with dashes of moonlight — Love, Poetry. . . . I make it a rule never to throw myself open to men. I do not grudge them the knowledge I could impart but I am always exhausted by composition when I enter society, and little inclined to talk, and as I never get anything in return, I do not think the exertion necessary. . . .
>
> The world calls me *conceited*. The world is in error. I trace all the blunders of my life to sacrificing my own opinion to that of others. . . . I have an unerring instinct — I can read characters at a glance; few men can deceive me. My mind is a continental mind. It is a revolutionary mind. I am only truly great in action. If ever I am placed in a truly eminent position I shall prove this. I could rule the House of Commons, although there would be a great prejudice against me at first. . . . The fixed

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character of our English society, the consequence of our aristocratic institutions, renders a career difficult.

Poetry is the safety-valve of my passions but I wish to act what I write. My works are the embodiment of my feelings. In *Vivian Grey* I have portrayed my active and real ambition. The *Psychological Romance* (''Contarini Fleming'') is a development of my poetic character.

IV

Every stroke of his veracious prophecy, this astonishing piece of self-delineation, lays bare with precision the excited nervous system of his genius; but let us pause to develop a little one remarkable sentence: "I have a revolutionary mind." At the time this passage was written, Disraeli was brooding upon his poem on Napoleon, which, as he conceived it, was to celebrate the spirit of his own time as the "Divine Comedy" had celebrated the Catholic Middle Ages, and as Milton's work had celebrated the consequences of the Reformation. "Since the revolt of America", he writes in December, 1833, "a new principle has been at work in the world, to which I trace all that occurs. This is the Revolutionary principle, and this is what I wish to embody in the *Revolutionary Epick.*" He goes on to explain that he has the Feudal Genius and the Federal or Democratic Genius appear before the Omnipotent to plead their respective causes. The Omnipotent declares that "a man is born of supernatural energies and that *whichever side he embraces will succeed* [my italics]. The man is Napoleon, just about to conquer Italy. . . . He adopts the Federal or Democratic side."

It is obvious that at this period Disraeli thought of himself also as a man of "supernatural energies", and that he, too, heard the Omnipotent Power whispering in his ear that whichever side *he* embraced would succeed. It is equally obvious that the modernity of his intelligence, coupled with his immense self-confidence and his lack of any inherited position in the "feudal" ranks, powerfully suggested his espousing the cause of democracy. It is obvious from the following passage in "Coningsby", that ten years later he still regarded wealth and hereditary rank with the eyes of an intellectual radical and revolutionary:

> Nothing is great but the personal. . . . The power of man, his greatness and his glory, depend on essential qualities. Brains every day become more precious than blood. You must give men new ideas, you must teach them new words, you must modify their manners, you must change their laws, you must root out prejudices, subvert convictions, if you wish to be great. Greatness no longer depends on rentals, the world is too rich; nor on pedigrees, the world is too knowing.

In the year of the great Reform Bill, 1832, Disraeli, still sympathetic with Reform, refused to inscribe himself a member of the Conservative Club and declined being returned for a Tory borough. In 1834, it was a Liberal minister, Melbourne, offering to assist him and asking him where his ambition lay — it was a Liberal minister whom he astounded by declaring that he wished to be prime minister. Yet in 1837, when at last he entered Parliament, he entered as a member of the Conservative party. Why, after his initial appearance as a Radical and a Reformer, did he finally throw his "supernatural energies" into the "Feudal" cause?

The reasons are not one but many. First and foremost, his desire to "govern the House of Commons" quite transcended his interest in either of the parties. Secondly, after repeated failures to break into Parliament as an independent, he discovered that he should never get in without party sup-

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port. Thirdly, toward the end of 1834 he formed a strong personal attachment to Lord Lyndhurst, which led to the establishment of Conservative connections. Fourthly, the Whig government, which at the passing of the Reform Bill had expected to last "forever", began in 1834 to break up, and the Tory prospects to brighten. Fifthly, the Philosophic Radicals of the Bentham and Mill type were as antipathetic to him as they were to Carlyle: they were too dryly rational, they dwelt too much in the thin air of abstract rights, they were "logic-chopping doctrinaires". "The Utilitarians in politics", he said in 1833, "are like the Unitarians in religion; both omit imagination in their systems, and *imagination governs mankind.*" Sixthly, the more Disraeli saw of high-bred Tories in London society and especially in their country houses, the more obvious it became to him that there was a vacancy in their ranks which his brains could fill. With the impressionable eye of an artist, he looked on the garter and riband and golden fleece of the Duke of Wellington, and saw how he could use such trappings to govern men through their imaginations.

His choice reminds one a little of a famous philosopher who at the most radical moment of his career decided upon the most moderate course of conduct. Descartes tells us with almost impenetrable irony in his "Discourse on Method", that when he arrived at his intellectual maturity he resolved to denude himself utterly of all past beliefs and in naked simplicity to seek the truth that was in him. But he hastens to add that expediency dictated his conforming in politics, religion, etc., to those with whom he should have to live. He adopted further the maxim that he was to be as firm and resolute in his actions as he was able, and "not to adhere less steadfastly to the most doubtful opinions, when once adopted, than if they had been highly certain". In such wise and in such a mood did the emancipated Jewish intelligence of Disraeli wrap the mantle of English Toryism about the naked sincerity of his approach to power.

V

He wore his Tory mantle with a difference, for, as we have seen, he had a taste for a certain distinction, for a certain splendor, in his attire. He soon proposed a renovation of the old garment. He conceived a Young England, a new Toryism, of novel cut and arresting color, with a substance of modern philosophical weaving but embroidered with traditions and adorned with antique jewels, which should impose upon the imagination of beholders as his own personal raiment did, when in his gaudy youth he walked in such glory that the crowds gave way, "like the Red Sea", before him. Accordingly he harked back to the Stuarts for a theory of the royal prerogative as the diamond brooch for his mantle; he laced and braided it with the golden popular monarchism of Bolingbroke's dream and with the hierarchical conceptions of Burke's historical philosophy; he reenforced it with the anti-liberalism of Newman, the High Church revival and Catholic reaction of the eighteen-thirties; but the main stuff and the pattern were suggestive of the greatest living tailor to the Tories, Thomas Carlyle, the romantic and radical designer of the aristocracy of talent, the loyal subjection of the populace, and the imperial destiny of the English. When Disraeli

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became a professing Tory, he closed his Byron and opened his Carlyle.

His rôle was now to act upon the English stage the part of an arch-aristocrat of talent with such manifold arts and graces as to persuade the people that the Tory party was the truly national, the truly progressive, the truly popular party. His rôle was to wean the popular ear from Bright and Cobden and Gladstone, who went storming through the provinces on what he derisively called "passionate pilgrimages", crying up the "nostrums" of liberty and equality, and preaching such perilous doctrines as man's moral right to the ballot, Italy's moral right to nationality, and England's moral duty toward peoples subject to the Turkish sword. His rôle was to teach the country to chant after him the new Tory catchwords: "The splendor of the Crown, the lustre of the Peerage, the privileges of the Commons, the rights of the poor."

It was his business also to give as much reality to these conceptions as possible. I fear it cannot be shown that he took a very effective interest in the "rights of the poor", though he had a hand in conceding their political enfranchisement, driven to the measure by the tactics of the Opposition. Much has been made of the sympathy he exhibited for the wretched condition of the miners by writing his novel "Sybil", what though he voted against mine inspection to show his sympathy for his friend Lord Londonderry, who was a mine owner. He proved his respect for talent by putting his private secretary and his solicitor into the peerage. But his really conspicuous masterpieces of statesmanship were performed to enhance the splendor of the Crown. By purchasing the Egyptian shares in the Suez Canal he made straight the British highway into the Orient. He presided over the White Man taking up his burden in South Africa and Afghanistan. He presented to his royal mistress as the most substantial of his magnificent compliments the title of Empress of India. And when that pious and patriotic lady, whose conceptions of the royal prerogative he had incessantly fostered and flattered —when that excitable lady repeatedly cracked the whip over him and his recalcitrantly pacific cabinet and threatened to resign her "crown of thorns" if he did not act, Disraeli at last girded up his old loins; sent a confidential threat of war to St. Petersburg; marched to Berlin; forced Russia to withdraw from Constantinople, to restore the outraged Christians to the Turk, and her Slavic friends to Austrian auspices; and so by a right John-Bullish settlement of a European problem laid a firm foundation for the war of 1914.

VI

There are, of course, sacrifices to be made and embarrassments to be undergone by a Jewish radical, but one generation removed from the merchant class, who becomes champion of the "gentlemen of England". It did very well for Disraeli to insist in his fashion that the new Toryism was to be unselfish, comprehensive, national. But it became his duty, as a practical politician bent upon overthrowing the "Whig oligarchy", to turn a disdainful back to his own class, to play the ends against the middle, to court the aristocracy and to flatter the peasantry, who, as he regretted to observe, were beginning to call themselves "labourers" and to form unions and to fraternize with the insolent middle class and

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to harken to middle class orators, instead of looking to the game-preserving lords of their land, as in the good old days of the Stuarts.

As leader of the country gentry, it behooved him to follow their ancient and honorable custom and occupation of "owning land". This was a rather serious responsibility for one whose chief accumulations consisted of an enormous mass of debts, on which he was paying extortionate interest, when he was not dodging his creditors and the bailiffs. But the man had genius. He married a coquettish widow who made him a "perfect wife", and also brought him £5,000 a year. He entered into a romantic correspondence with an eccentric lady of seventy or eighty who presently died leaving him a legacy of £30,000. He wrote a life of Lord George Bentinck, for which some interested person rewarded him in lordly fashion. Another admirer took charge of all his debts and apparently lent him unlimited thousands at two per cent. He never was out of debt, but with these helps and windfalls, and with the income of his offices and novels and his paternal inheritance, he managed eventually to possess and occupy, if not perfectly to own, land enough with manor, parks, timberland, peacocks, etc., to support the dignity of an English earl.

To touch on the economic aspects of Disraeli's adventure is to hint at a "seamy side" of life in the grand style, at what might have been, for a tender economic conscience, a kind of sham and ignominy embittering the external show. But Disraeli's conscience was not tender. Perhaps it had been toughened by recollection of the debts of other great prime ministers. Perhaps it had been prepared, spiritually prepared, by Lord Byron who had looked at these pecuniary matters in a cool realistic way, or, as we should say nowadays, in a Butlerian way:

> Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
> The unexpected death of some old lady
> Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
> Who've made "us youth" wait too — too long already
> For an estate, or cash, or country seat.

Toughness, tenacity, relentless aggressiveness, and a diabolically cool remorseless wit had characterized Disraeli's approach to power in Parliament. According to his reputation and his record, copiously illustrated in the "Life", he was one of the most finished and formidable debaters who ever rose in the House. A great part of his forty years of public life he was in Opposition; and the business of an Opposition, as his biographer reminds us, is to oppose. At this task he was a matchless master. When he had perfected his style, his favorite technique at the crucial points of his philippics was in the manner of Tybalt's sword play: One! two! — a flourish of a cambric handkerchief — and the third in your bosom! He cut up a great minister at his appointed hour with the apparent nonchalance of an epicure dismembering a quail. He studied invective like a fine art. While the victim twitched and paled, he launched his barbed and icy sarcasms with a finely precalculated murderous precision. When he himself was attacked, he sat immobile, impassive, impervious, or with head sunk on bosom feigning indifference or sleep. He had the gift of making his silence ominous, his repose sphinx-like, sinister. In action, by the sheer thrust and flashing velocity of his edged intellect he dazzled his hearers till slower-witted men gave way before him and fell be-

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hind and followed him, as one falls behind a dangerous weapon.

Opportunist to the finger tips, he treated party "principles" as but expedients to be retained or discarded with reference to their utility in getting the government out and himself and his friends in. If a Liberal ministry became warlike and used a "strong hand" in China, he immediately became pacific and humane. But if Gladstone raised a humanitarian cry over Bulgarian atrocities, Disraeli remarked that the worst of the atrocities was Gladstone's pamphlet, and he spoke in Parliament with such playful levity of the massacre of ten or twenty thousand unarmed peasants that he fairly exposed himself to the charge of inhuman callousness. As advocate for the landed interest, he supported, in Opposition, the nefarious Corn Laws. But the very principle of Protection, which he employed with dramatic and ruthless force to destroy Peel, his former leader, who had abandoned it, he himself stealthily abandoned as soon as the work of destruction was accomplished, thus exactly duplicating the "treachery" with which he had charged the man whom he displaced, and proving that a practical politician is one who repeats the sins of his predecessor. In the course of his assault, he seems, as his biographer admits, to have lied deliberately and solemnly, to the House full of the "gentlemen of England", in denying that he had sought office under Peel. In 1865 he solemnly warned the House against sanctioning any "step that has a tendency to democracy"; for Lord Russell was pressing for an extension of the suffrage. But two years later, he himself strode toward democracy — or, as Carlyle screamed in septuagenarian panic, "leaped Niagara" — by putting through the Reform of 1867, which emancipated the lower as the legislation of 1832 had emancipated the middle class. Such things occur when a born revolutionary in a Tory mantle advances on power with perfect inflexibility of purpose and perfect mobility of principle.

Guizot said to Disraeli on his accession to acknowledged leadership: "I think your being the leader of the Tory party is the greatest triumph that Liberalism has ever achieved." Guizot was clairvoyant in perceiving the joke on the country gentry involved in their accepting the guidance of this radical mind; but he perhaps overstated the "triumph" of Liberalism in the ambiguous position and conduct of its "lost leader". Disraeli did indeed do something to liberalize the institutions of England and to prepare the way for that radically free aristocracy which his free Jewish intellect approved as the ideal form of society, as the truly conservative form. But he lowered the tone of his leadership, he corrupted the influence which he exerted upon his generation, by his public subscription to outworn conservative cant, by sacrificing his professed principles to momentary expediencies, by seeming always to yield to the pressure of liberal circumstances, to the deep liberal current of the time grudgingly, fatalistically, cynically. The politician and the statesman ring hollow, like something which resembles an Ionic column of Ferrara but is really a stucco-coated contrivance of lath and plaster. Gladstone and Wordsworth were right when they agreed that "a man's personal character ought to be the basis of his politics". Disraeli's politics were not grounded squarely upon that basis.

(To Be Concluded in the June BOOKMAN.)

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

VIII: JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

With a Caricature by William Gropper

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER is an exquisite, thwarted by adiposity and a malicious Circean fate. He is at heart an eighteenth century dandy in plush pants and ruffled lace; but he looks like a bread and pastry dealer with eyebrows arched in perpetual inquiry as to what the customer will have today. His soul is the soul of William Hickey, groomed by a Wetzel of a former day, his satin boots spattered by spurting blood in a duet of rapiers, as an entr'acte between epigrams and cocktails. And he lives in West Chester, Pennsylvania, a settlement of Quakers and Scots Presbyterians.

He has his compensations for this disparity between essence and exterior, spirit and flesh, desire and circumstance. He dresses three times a day. He reads "Vogue", the "Gazette du Bon Genre", and the memoirs of the court of Louis XIV. He writes beautiful books, luscious with pretty words, about marionettes whose charm is a matter of fragility, cosmetics, and linen carefully draped. He winks at women with an air of self-confidence and smiles at them as if there were something between him and them. He has assignations with adjectives, love affairs with nouns, and capricious liaisons with adverbs and prepositions. He believes he is an authority on women.

He never wearies of repeating that art comes from the heart and not from the mind. What he means by the heart one is hard put to conjecture. Certainly it is not tenderness and compassion and pity, for his work has the cold shimmer of the glazed surface of a porcelain trinket. He is a momentarian in his philosophy, with a polite and airy skepticism about the worth and value of character and steadfastness, denial and sacrifice. Like that fanciful philosophic nihilist, Santayana, he is an advocate of "fluttering tip-toe loves", and when he depicts passion it is always with a left impression that it is wasting and a little messy.

He has an oriental's attraction to fabrics, spices, essences, and tinsel items of indulgence. Silks and stained glass, wrought silver and carved panelings catch his eye not only in ensemble but in minutiæ. This suggests an artistic strain at war with a chill impulse to respond reverently to the plastic loveliness of the Winged Victory and the Cytherean goddess. There results at once a balance and an anomaly: his work is neither austere nor hedonistic; it is decorative and Schnitzleresque, with the sub-acid pathos of a Punch and Judy show. It has the ironic sentiment of banjo chords on a moonlit lake while a child of eighteen out of finishing school is drowning herself for love of a gardener.

Hergesheimer's sensory impressions are predominately tactile and

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visual. There are no odors in his books: he describes even perfumes in terms of sight, as liquids of certain hues and exotic names in beribboned bottles pleasingly shaped. His sense of taste is rudimentary; food interests him only as an arrangement of words in the depiction of a dinner party, and drink is to him a fluid in graceful glasses and with a connotation of luxury. In "Cytherea" he describes a champagne bottle in detail and expatiates upon the process involved in releasing the cork; but he is not concerned with taste and savor. His ear is as deficient as Meredith's, which explains their affinity in style, — thought as a sequence of two dimensional pictures, set off as conversation that is elliptical and funambulesque and is meant to be precise. He thinks in terms of sight and touch; and should one seek to reduce his search and interest in life to two words, they would be *elegance* and *charm*.

He is a most frightful liar. That is one of his chiefest virtues. He bathes and basks in flattery, and from the reticent he provokes it by the disingenuous way he has of piling compliment upon compliment. He is extremely sensitive to criticism and this sketch will make him hopping mad. It shouldn't, because it is written by one of his most loyal admirers, by one who thinks that, without question, Hergesheimer is one of the finest novelists now writing in English. But it will. To him there is no other occupant of the peak of Teneriffe, and his most amusing weaknesses are by groundlings to be condoned.

Four years ago he talked entirely about himself, and the subject became a little shopworn after two hours and a half. But of late he has got about and has achieved a more general fund of ideas. His conversation is brilliant and witty, keen, amusing, and to the point. He talks less about himself, and even when he is his theme, he endows it with a glamour and an interest that is stimulating and entertaining. He is an impatient auditor, but a perfect companion. Believing nothing, he first senses and then feeds one's tastes and biases. He is a facile sophist and the soul of reassurance. He delights to say the thing that will please or irritate; and half the time he doesn't believe what he is saying. He is merely talking from a point of view. And he changes his point of view almost as often as he changes his underwear.

At least twenty women have spoken to me of that front tooth of his which, they say, sticks straight out from his upper gums, and have voiced their wonder that he doesn't visit a dentist. I have known him five years and I have never yet noticed that tooth. I have meant to watch for it, but my eyes have always been held by his mirthful eyes, the expression about his heavy lips, and by his costume. His dress is chosen for smartness and for comfort. In the mornings he wears flannel shirts and tweed knickers, in the afternoon a lounge suit, not too snugly tailored, and in the evening dinner dress with a shirt and soft collar of thick silk.

One of his favorite expressions in speech is "utterly charming", and utterly charming describes perfectly his home in West Chester. It is an ancient house built of boulder stones, with huge fireplaces and heavy, seasoned timbers. It sits away from the road on a rounded knoll, a little sombre and commanding. Airedales disport themselves on the lawn. Two cars, one Joe's and the other Dorothy's, are in the ample barn, now

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Sketched by William Gropper

Joseph Hergesheimer

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equipped as a garage. Servants perfectly trained; furnishings a continual surprise and delight, inevitably placed; and plenty of hot water, a rarity in country homes. Over this demesne rules Dorothy, frank, cordial, unaffected, wholesome, pretty, and lovable. An agile and alert little bundle of energy, her most constant thought is to make her scribbling husband comfortable and happy. Her job is not easy: he is a moody, grumpy, unruly, self-centred child, plagued by insomnia, nervous, and fidgety. To her, though, he is ever gracious and considerate, even a little humble as if abashed by her uncommon good sense, her forbearance, her perfect poise.

With such a home one would think that Hergesheimer would do all his writing there, isolated and quiet, among familiar surroundings. Instead he rents a small office opposite the court house in West Chester and arrives there at nine o'clock in the morning, like a business man. He has steel filing cabinets in which he keeps his notes, his correspondence, and the manuscripts of everything he writes. He uses a stub pen and writes the first draft carefully in a grade school composition book. Then his secretary makes a triple-spaced copy on the typewriter. He goes through it carefully, making innumerable changes and corrections. She copies it again, and again he makes corrections. The third draft and even the printer's proof are not free from his rearrangement of words.

He is naive about these manuscripts. He refuses to part with them, because he believes, rightly, that they will some day be of high monetary value. He is a shrewd business man; knows how to think in terms of money. One of his recent hobbies is the collection of rare books and first editions. He plays this game, I believe, because it is less expensive and pleasanter than playing the stock market. But at bottom it is the same sort of gambling with him. He gets catalogs from the rare book dealers in every mail, and he reads these through for the rise or fall in the quotations on certain books, just as a gambler in stocks watches the market quotations. He spends at least an hour every morning studying these catalogs, making out his orders to dealers, and figuring out what some of his books are worth. Most of them he has never read.

Hergesheimer inherited a bit of money and a weak constitution. As a boy he was a bookworm, shy and reserved. When money fell into his hands he forthwith got married and lived in Florence. There he suffered a nervous breakdown and was nursed back to health by Dorothy after months of care and anxiety. He wrote for fourteen years, urged on by a dogged belief in himself, without having a single manuscript accepted. He and Dorothy bore the pinch of adversity and the rebuffs of editors with fortitude, and the final triumph was therefore all the sweeter. In these years of apprentice work, his masters were Conrad, Henry James, Meredith, and Flaubert. His style, even yet, is not fixed and inflexible. It varies between a highly tenuous and involuted prose and a smoothly cadenced manner which is simple and clear. To my mind the very finest writing he has yet published is to be found in two pieces which are widely dissimilar in manner: one of them, "A Scots Grandfather" in "The Reviewer"; the other, "Eight Novels" in "Vanity Fair".

One of Hergesheimer's weaknesses is that of speaking before women's

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clubs. He is in great demand for that sort of thing. But usually he does not get a second invitation to speak before the same club. He has a faculty for getting himself in bad; he is a consummate egotist and he takes a sadistic delight in saying things which make his audience uncomfortable. Probably nine-tenths of his readers are women, but when he has an audience of women, he usually asperses their intelligence categorically and in detail.

That is a cultivated attitude which feeds his own vanity. When he was in Chicago, he felt called upon to upbraid the citizens for the physical unloveliness of the city. He lamented that the architecture there was not the same as that of Florence. He was invited to speak before a certain club and in sheer perversity failed to show up. When no one later showed concern for his negligence, he called up his hostess five times, trying to get her to arrange another lecture date for him.

Hergesheimer's talents, I believe, are just maturing. He is just now arriving at a mastery of his media of expression. He has only recently attained an æsthetic attitude. He has produced, to date, only two novels with themes which were not factitious: "The Three Black Pennys" and "Cytherea". The others are full of sensuous beauty, colorful, more carefully and more exquisitely written than the other two. But it is safe to predict that his forthcoming novels will be novels wherein a finished and polished style will be wedded to a content which itself shall command an interest.

DEAD MEN

To a Metaphysician

By Hervey Allen

IF they were shadows walking to and fro
Upon a screen you call reality,
Then, when the light fails, where do shadows go?
This boy enigma rapes philosophy.
But if they really occupied three-square,
And now are only shadows on a screen,
How can the light still cast a shadow there
From shades of shadows that have never been?

Such questions are a mimic pantomime
Of ghosts to utter nothings in dream chairs,
Myopia squinting in a mist of time,
An eye that sees the eye with which it stares.
Your light too clearly shows the ancient stigma
Of questions solved by posing an enigma.

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THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF WRITING

By Robert Cortes Holliday

III: WHY BE AN AUTHOR?

(In connection with Mr. Holliday's series, THE BOOKMAN *announces a new Bureau of Practical Advice to Writers. Any question regarding the mechanical details of authorship will be answered by the editor or referred to the proper authority. The best of these questions and answers will, from time to time, be published, for the information of those interested.—J. F.)*

NEW YORK, *April*, 1922.

A VERY distinguished author has taken the trouble to write a long letter of comment on the articles of this series which have already appeared. He begins in a highly complimentary spirit, but a bit later he grows rather doleful. Among other things, he says: "They (the articles) will inspire in the bosoms of young writers the thought, 'How simple! I'll try again!' "

His letter continues:

> Not that the budding authors of these days need sympathy. Many of them need suppressing. Nearly all of them need an apprenticeship. I recall a young man in New Orleans, son of a lady who let rooms. He was taking a course in English literature and short story writing. I told him, in an absent way, merely to show I was interested and to make conversation, that I had once had a book published. He said, "Oh, of course, that comes later."

Well, this simple-hearted young man was, at any rate, pursuing an apprenticeship, of a sort. And that word "apprenticeship", it should be evident, has been one repeatedly encountered in the researches among editors, publishers, and established writers which have largely contributed to the substance of these articles.

As for trying again, what else is there for the "struggling" young author to do? But it has not been the intention of these articles to present the matter of becoming an author as a simple one. Far from it. Various ways of approaching editors and publishers have been discussed in the preceding papers of this series. The innumerable persons aspiring to write for publication are full of questions as to what they should do to succeed. A question which it is highly pertinent to consider is, Why write at all?

An extensive investigation into the motives which lead a vast host of people to attempt to write for publication would probably bring out a situation at first odd to contemplate. A great many of these people, I think it would be found, turn to the idea of writing because, for one reason or another, they have failed at everything else they have undertaken. "It is all I am fitted to do," says a letter before me from a woman who hopes to obtain a "broader outlook" on life and to help provide for her son through her "love of writing". Another letter on my desk confesses: "I certainly hope that I can do something with my stories for I am a failure at everything else I go into." And a third letter states the writer's reason for taking up authorship thus: "I am almost ready

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to give up library work; have put in two months and nothing to show for my efforts yet. The waiting is weary."

Almost all of us have to find some sort of livelihood. When unfortunate in affairs near at home, we are likely to look toward some happily veiled distant horizon. "As I am trying to get a little money to help a loved one I am sending you two song poems," says a communication at my hand. "As a result of the much talked of H. C. of L. I am faced by the necessity of earning a living for myself and others," is the story told in innumerable letters concerning manuscripts. In the letter from which I have just quoted the next statement is this: "In appraising my various qualifications I feel no doubt in saying that the thing I can do best and with the least effort is to express myself well in writing."

And many and many a one is attracted by the stories of "big money" and quick success in the "writing game". "I was persuaded to try my hand at story writing because of the colossal sums publishers would pay for acceptable Ms.," writes a citizen of Georgia. Advertisements stating that so many million words of fiction are bought annually by American magazine editors give the impression that the demand is far in excess of the supply. Writing stories "looks so easy" that many, particularly folk not occupied with success in something else, are inclined to "give it a trial", believing that there is nothing to lose and maybe much to gain—"easy money" to gain.

Reason number two why people want to write would probably be found in the countless number of ambitious, sentimental people who have a craving for the "limelight". So many of us want to be famous; known all over the country; talked about, quoted and admired! Many aspire to the stage or struggle for an entrance into the movies; more, vastly more, buy (or rent) a typewriter and lay in some copy paper. To go on the stage or into the movies requires a good deal of effort. And then it means giving up the job you may have, leaving home, and probably starting in with a small rôle and smaller pay. "Writing" requires no risk or discomfort. A typewriter, some paper, a few stamped envelopes, perhaps a dictionary, maybe a book on How to Do It, and a spare hour or two now and then, and one can fancy that he is equipped and ready to become famous over night.

If all the people in this country who want to write could be gathered in one place (a tremendous sight it would be!), and if a voice from a huge megaphone asked those to stand up who once wrote a story "just for the fun of it" and then showed it to a friend whose enthusiastic encouragement led to their idea of becoming published authors—there should be a mighty uprising. Once an innocent, amateur author has shown a story of his to a friend or relative, he (I heard a gentleman dealing much in manuscripts say the other day) is lost. Until the day of his death he will be hounded by that friend and everyone else who knows of his experiment. "You must keep at your writing," they will say. "Don't give up. I see much worse stuff than yours in the magazines every day. Don't be discouraged. Sooner or later you will be recognized."

Sometimes one does not even go so far as to write out a story before his friends egg him on to become an author. An illustration of this is given in the following note:

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The writer is enclosing herewith a MS for your consideration. I wish to inform you that this story is a true story. The author was an eye witness of this phenoma which occurred for the first time in the month of June, 1908.

I have told this story to groups of people at different times, and same has been received with much interest and amazement. For this reason I believe that this story would make a "Hit" providing it would be properly revised.

Then every here and there may be discovered persons who have had more or less experience in writing, and who write capably enough one kind of thing, who want to write something quite different. An architect, for instance, or an engineer, who has contributed articles of value to the journals of his profession, or a man engaged in business who may have written authoritatively on, say, cotton for a trade paper, considers that writing salable fiction on the side would not be a thing outside his scope.

Now and then somebody confesses a reason for wanting to write which is somewhat unusual. A letter which has come into my hands from an adventurous soul in the far west states: "Although making a good living from my trade, if I thought for one moment that by steady and strict application to the business of writing I could make a success I would certainly follow it up for the following reasons: I like writing, my imagination is good, I write fast (which probably accounts for my poor penmanship), but most important of all—*I could stay at home.*"

A singular case recently come across in an editorial office was that of a person who had, so to say, got drawn into writing without wanting to write at all. As her letter said: "So far as writing stories myself is concerned I was never gifted or talented, and never thought of such a thing. My natural talents ran along another line. I even hated to write a letter and was always a failure at school." Then she explained:

I now receive almost everything I wish for from the unseen invisible Authors by Automatic writings, most of the plots are very fine indeed, and it is very interesting to me to receive them. I write about places I have never seen and people and countries that are strange to me. The stories are almost complete, but the descriptions and clothes are not given. The plots, the conversations and the ideas are always good — from certain high inspirational Spirits, and of course some are given from Souls not so highly developed, also. . . . . I can receive a plot almost any moment.

An interesting motive for wanting to write is presented in a letter from a woman who says: "I am anxious to become a writer, for I now live in a small town, with nothing of interest here, and that will help me pass the time." She apparently overlooks the matter of telling what it is that calls to her for expression. Presumably, she has not been tortured as was Keats:

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry,
Hold like full garners the full ripen'd grain.

But others, it seems, to some degree are in his predicament. This from another letter, representative of a class of those written to persons in the business of handling manuscripts by people who want to write: "But, oh! I have seen so much of wild life on the border—adventure—gold hunting—crime and danger—that I hate to go to my grave with it all *untold*, unknown!" Again, a desire to write frequently seems to spring from something of a sporting temper: So-and-so had a story in the "Post", "dealing with hunger and hard-upness, that stirred my competitive spirit".

Many with a yearning to write have

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ceased to be young. A—what shall one say?—a hankering to write not infrequently smolders through the adversities of many years. One "past fifty years of age... with no literary education, training or ability, so far as anyone knows", writes: "Like many other men, I have often thought I had a talent which circumstances starved in my youth." Another: "From mere childhood it was always my one ambition to be an AUTHOR." Again: "I know I can write; it has been a gift to me from girlhood." And a person of rather Topsy-like temperament says: "For years and years I have been told that I had talent—and I guess I have."

Frequently, too, the desire to write is declared by quite unpublished writers to be ineradicable. A letter from one who wants criticism "the worst way" says: "But if you should say that I had better give up writing I am afraid I couldn't obey, for my faith has grown blind from old age, but is still alive and won't be downed."

So many, and more, are reasons why people want to write. The distinguished author with whose comment this article opened very probably would see very little hope for any of the aspirants from whose letters quotations have here been made. And doubtless most people with any practical experience of the business of writing would agree with him. Yet it is undeniable that people have succeeded who have written from the reasons, some of the reasons, that have just been discussed. One does not have to delve very deeply into literary history to discover writers of enduring fame who did make their mark in literature after having failed at about everything else they had attempted; and who admitted that they were "good for" nothing else. People (now and then) have, indeed, succeeded passably well at writing who wrote from need of money. A desire for fame has not been absent from the minds of men who have become illustrious authors. Such a thing has happened as a man or a woman becoming an author through having written a story merely to amuse his children, or hers. Men eminent in medicine or the law or something else unrelated to literature have turned with much facility to fiction. Distinguished achievements have been made in literature by persons who took up authorship well along in life. And so on.

Of those things, indeed, much (probably over much) has been told. What the would-be writer has had little opportunity to know is just what he faces.

First, there should be considered the immense amount of competition. To anyone who has had to do with editing a magazine it seems that ninety-nine people out of every hundred are writing or trying to write for publication. Would the rudimentary writer enter the lists in any other competition against such a vast multitude of contestants? Then, actually, there is comparatively small demand for creative writing. That is, the number of magazines, after all, is fairly limited. If you have a story of a distinct type, and you make a list of the magazines for which it is entirely suitable, you will find hardly more than three or four. And there is room in each magazine for only a comparatively small number of features. There is room, all over the United States, for thousands of physicians and lawyers. But there would need to be hundreds of more magazines in America than there are to make room for thousands of new writers.

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Advertisements proclaiming that there are thousands of dollars to be made by writing stories put very false notions into the heads of many people. The relatively few authors of great popularity do, of course, receive very substantial incomes from their work. But the income derived from the writing of numerous authors of very fair popularity, is not sufficient for their needs. You find them acting as editors, publishers' readers, professors, lecturers, farmers, as officers in service on the sea, and what not.

In fact, the payment for writing in general is ridiculously small. Five cents a word is high pay, indeed, for a writer with more or less of a name. Anything over two cents a word is doing pretty well. Many magazines pay one cent a word or less. Some actual prices paid by well-known publications are here given: twelve dollars for a 2,500 word story; twelve dollars for a 1,200 word story, *paid on publication;* ten dollars for a 4,000 word story that had been rejected by more than a score of editors; twenty-five dollars for a 4,000 word story; fifty dollars for a 4,000 word story.

Able writers who attempt to live by "free lance" writing not seldom have a precarious time of it. One must be wary of counting on payment for his work by any certain date. An editor accepts a manuscript, maybe after holding it for some time for consideration; he "puts through" a voucher for payment to the author; this perhaps gets stalled somewhere in the machinery of the business office of the magazine; and it is a week or two before the author gets his money. And magazines themselves every once in a while have a precarious time of it; when their contributors are not paid for a considerable period. Instances have been when the contributors to the final numbers of a wabbling magazine were not paid at all.

An experienced writer "on his own" may earn a couple of hundred dollars or so in one week, and for several weeks afterward average something like fourteen dollars and eighty-four cents. The beginner writer should not consider that he has "arrived" when he has sold one story, or even several; it may be a year before he places another. And the future of a writer who may be having a very fair success now is not any too secure. Public taste changes. New orders come in. The kind of thing which took so well yesterday may be quite out of fashion tomorrow.

There is among people generally much misconception as to the profits ordinarily derived by the author from the publication of a book. The price of a novel today is about two dollars. Usually the author receives a royalty of about fifteen cents a copy on the first two thousand copies sold, and about twenty cents on each copy thereafter. A novel which sold upward of fifty thousand copies would then bring the author something like ten thousand dollars. Many men make as much as ten thousand dollars by a year's work at some other business or profession than authorship. But authors who make that amount in a year or anything near that amount, are exceedingly rare. A book is regarded by the publisher as highly successful if it sells from five to ten thousand copies. Far and away the greater number of books published do not sell as many as fifteen hundred copies. Many far less. A recently published book which received a very cordial "press", has had an uncommon amount of publicity, and the advertisements of which announce that it is in its "fourth printing", has after

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about half a year earned for its author perhaps a thousand dollars. Its sale now in active measure is over. An author is fairly fortunate who receives as much as five or six hundred dollars from the sale of his book. I recall an excellent story published something over a year ago which was much praised by many reviewers. It took the author probably the better part of a year to write it. He was then six months or more getting it accepted. He has not been able to place much of anything since. At the end then of two years and a half he has received from his literary labors about one hundred and ten dollars. He could have earned that amount in a week at the occupation which was his before he turned author. He is, nevertheless, determined to continue writing fiction.

But before one who would write comes to face the matters which have just been outlined, there is another affair which he must first face. And that, I think, cannot be too much dwelt upon. He must equip himself to write.

"Is it necessary to go to school to be a Journalist?" asks the writer of a letter from Oregon. "I have never written before because I have always considered a good education was necessary; and that is something I lack," writes another, from Oklahoma. "To undertake to begin at the bottom and educate myself along literary lines would mean putting in quite a bit of time, and I do not desire to undertake it unless I should find it worth while," observes the author of a letter from Texas. And the writer of another letter from the west has, evidently with some surprise, suddenly come upon a truth not widely grasped. "I should have realized", he says, "that at least as much hard work, if not more, was required in story writing as in any other profession."

Yes; one certainly must "go to school" to become a writer. And yet no school can really teach one how to be an author. That is to say, one must school one's self. One of the most brilliant and successful of contemporary American journalists recommends for the amateur constant, and rapid, writing. Another view is held by the author with whose comment this article was begun. He is William McFee, and I think his words should be well weighed by the literary aspirant. His letter continues:

A most important point, to me, is the question of equipment. I do feel that the young authors of today, published and otherwise, are scantily equipped for the career they propose to follow. I attribute this partly to the defective system in the schools and partly to the movies. I have been rendered decidedly uneasy when talking to people actually in literature, by the slenderness of their mental equipment. Of course, some sorts of literary work not only need no equipment but would be impossible with it. The essential quality of some pieces of writing would be lost if the authors had "had advantages", as they used to say.

Those, however, are very special cases. I do think that the average young American is in need of that equipment which is comprised in early omnivorous reading. They read too many new books. Here, you see, I am stirring up old mud, for I am about to utter the ancient complaint that if you are to do well you must have a standard, and to have a standard you must read what has been done. . . . It is the same in all the arts. What La Farge, speaking of painting, said about "the acquired memories of the artist", is true of and can be applied to authorship.

The acquired memories of the artist! So I urge the young writer not to write at all, but to acquire memories, in short to read. If he or she asks, "What shall I read?" I shall reply sadly, "I'm afraid it won't make any difference. Because there is always in these matters an instinct. Read."

I hope you will persist in harping upon the difficulties of authorship. I do not mean the actual trouble of getting published — that is largely imaginary nowadays — but the difficulty of deserving publication when you get it. And you will not deserve it if

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you concentrate upon the technical and monetary aspects of your art. It seems to be the most difficult thing in the world to get people to see that literature is a creative art. You brood and suffer and destroy and rewrite and give up in despair. You eventually emerge from your travail with something far from satisfactory to yourself but remotely resembling the thing you desire to create. And when people read the book and see that character which has given you so much agony to produce, they blandly ask you where you saw him or her who is the original. They can't believe he (or she) is the figment of your imagination. They don't believe a writer has to think at all. He does.

Harp on that! He cannot be easily a thinker. And he must be.

MURRAY HILL

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by William Stanley Braithwaite

THE best poems in the February magazines, in my opinion, are too long to be quoted in the space allotted to this department. They are "Virginiana" by Mary Johnston, in "The Reviewer" (that excellent new literary magazine published in Richmond, Virginia); "The Quaker Meeting-House" by William Ellery Leonard, in "The Nation"; "In Praise of Abrigada" by Leonora Speyer, in "Poetry"; "Fox-Trot—'When Solomon Met the Queen of Sheba'" by Osbert Sitwell, in "Broom", and "In Memoriam" by Martin Feinstein, one of the prize winning poems in "The Nation". I have named these poems in the order of merit as they appealed to me.

Mary Johnston in "Virginiana" takes the historical record of a great state and makes it bloom with imagination and passion. The meditative cadence of this poem is woven with fine descriptions and vivid figures. I quote a passage:

Sapphire-shadowed, deep-bosomed, long-limbed,
Mountains lie in the garden of the sky,
Evening is a passion flower, morning is a rose!
Old England sailed to Virginia,
Bold Scotland sailed,
Vine-wreathed France sailed,
And the Rhine sailed,
And Ulster and Cork and Killarney.
Out of Africa—out of Africa!
Guinea Coast, Guinea Coast,
Senegambia, Dahomey.—
Now One,
Now Virginia!
Pocahontas steals through the forest,
Along the Blue Ridge ride the Knights of the Horseshoe,
Young George Washington measures neighbour's land from neighbour,
In the firelight Thomas Jefferson plays his violin.
Violin, violin!
Patrick Henry speaks loud in Saint John's church.
Andrew Lewis lifts his flint lock.—
O Fringed Hunting Shirt, where are you going?
George Rogers Clark takes Kagkaskia and Vincennes.

Mary Johnston's tribute to her state is matched by Leonora Speyer's tribute to a house in "Abrigada". Mrs. Speyer's mood is overtonal, and it carries her safely over every tenuous element, to trip her I fear, in the tawdriness of "gesture" in the last line.

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"The Quaker Meeting-House" of Mr. Leonard's is a rapier of implications, that pierce the armor of certain false idealisms. His substance has a touch of irony, subtly distilled by his admirable diction. The fox trot of Osbert Sitwell, the English poet, is danced on the poetic platform of Springfield, Illinois. The telling of how the Queen of Sheba was not "happy at Lebanon" —not because of Solomon's many wives and concubines, but because she found his "Song of Songs" to be *poetry*—is a gorgeous piece of phantasmagoria. "The Nation's" prize winning poem "In Memoriam" by Martin Feinstein, is a *tour de force*. It is clever enough to give one the sense of being poetry when all the poetry is in the perfection of the verse.

Five shorter poems I have selected for reprinting here as among the best of their type that appeared in the February magazines. Louise Bogan's "Women", from "The Measure", is a sharp and acid portrait of the feminine sex. The merciless exposure of paradox in woman's nature acts like an acid and eats up all the sentiment that has traditionally clung about her character. Mr. Sandburg in "Sea Slant", from "The New Republic", permits in this mood, the pure spring of poetry to trickle forth from a slit in the granite of his polemic vehemence. George O'Neil's "Where It Is Winter", from "The Measure", is an exquisite pastel. The poetic values in this little lyric are perfect, and visualize, in unostentatious imagery, a winter scene. Mr. Bodenheim's "Finalities", from "The Wave", is an excellent example of his theory of irony in art. He shoots a polished arrow whose brilliancy conceals the poisoned tip. Mr. Berenberg's "Two Sonnets", from "The Measure", are admirably chiseled as sonnets, with a theme that might be pointed for satire or philosophy. Two other poems that deserve mention, appearing in the February magazines, are "The Four Apple Trees" by Jeannette Derby in "The New Republic", which surely Blake smiled upon, and "A Minor Poet" by John Richard Moreland, from "The Lyric". A word should be said for the best of the translations of verse from foreign languages, which seem to increase in our publications: Witter Bynner's translation of poems by Wang Wei from the Chinese, in "Poetry", and Robert Hillyer's rendering of "The Plants Stand Silent Round Me", from the Danish of Johannes Jörgensen, published in "The American-Scandinavian Review".

WOMEN

Women have no wilderness in them,
They are provident instead,
Content in the tight hot cell of their hearts
To eat dusty bread.

They do not see cattle cropping red winter grass,
They do not hear
Snow water going down under culverts
Shallow and clear.

They wait, when they should turn to journeys,
They stiffen, when they should bend.
They use against themselves that benevolence
To which no man is friend.

They cannot think of so many crops to a field
Or of clean wood cleft by an axe.
Their love is an eager meaninglessness
Too tense or too lax.

They hear in any whisper that speaks to them
A shout and a cry.
As like as not, when they take life over their door-sill
They should let it go by.

Louise Bogan
—*The Measure*

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SEA SLANT

On up the sea slant,
On up the horizon,
This ship limps.

The bone of her nose fog-gray,
The heart of her sea-strong,
She came a long way,
She goes a long way.

On up the horizon,
On up the sea slant,
She limps sea-strong, fog-gray.

She is a green-lit night gray.
She comes and goes in sea fog.
Up the horizon slant she limps.

Carl Sandburg
—*The New Republic*

WHERE IT IS WINTER

Now there is frost upon the hill
And no leaf stirring in the wood;
The little streams are cold and still;
Never so still has winter stood.
Never so held as in this hollow,
Beneath these hemlocks dark and low,
Brooding this hour that hours must follow
Burdened with snow. . . .

Now there is nothing, no confusion,
To shield against the silence here;
And spirits, barren of illusion,
To whom all agonies are clear,
Rush on the naked heart and cry
Of every poignant shining thing
Where there is little left to die
And no more Spring.

George O'Neil
—*The Measure*

FINALITIES

Like other men, you fly from adjectives.
The plain terseness that lives in verbs and nouns
Creates a panorama where you know
That men are not a cloud of romping clowns.
You greet the wideness of eternal curves
Where beauty, death and silence give their height.
To those rare men who do not play with thought.
But this fruit-peddler decorates his fright
And polishes his peaches and his grapes
Insanely. If his mercenary hopes
Were bolder he would be a nimble poet.
Slight in her bridal gown, his mind elopes
With adjectives that find her incomplete.
Your mind is hard, and massively parades
Across the earth with Homer and Villon.
Since each of you with common-sense evades
Monotony, I join you and refuse
To call you dwarf or giant. Let the fools
Who criticize you bind you with these names
And separate your dead bones with their rules!

Maxwell Bodenheim
—*The Wave*

TWO SONNETS

I

Antigone and Helen—would they laugh
To see La Belle Florinda shake her limbs?
How would the sacred Eleusinian hymns
Sound on the record of a phonograph?
Oh, you who cherish La Belle's autograph,
Who serve her eyebrows and her slightest whims,
Oh, you who pay her supper bills at Tims'
Who pride yourself that you can stand the gaff—

Would you be shocked beyond your puny wits
Were you to stumble on the hidden glade
Where Bacchanals and Helen danced and swayed
Nude in the moonlight? Ah, the code that fits
The glowing Broadway lights is much too staid
To tolerate such frolics in the shade!

II

Or is it all illusion? Do the years
Cover with glamor what was tawdry then?
Did moralists and such like thunder when
Antigone got drunk on Attic beers,
And danced too freely mid the eager leers
Of Plato's seniors, who bought up the glen
To prove to Athens that they lived like men—
And gave Antigone the college cheers?

It may be so. I should not think it strange.
Herodias, Antigone, La Belle—
One sisterhood. Perhaps we do not change
As much as some pretend to think. Ah, well—
Don't let me spoil your pleasure in the show—
For me, my vision of the long ago!

David P. Berenberg
—*The Measure*

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THE JOURNAL OF TIMOTHY TUBBY

Being the American Diary of the Famous British Novelist

With Notes by Theresa Tubby

And Sketches by Golomy Burch

CHAPTER II

Theresa Wins a Hunt

HOW weary we were after a few hours of being interviewed and photographed! This deep appreciation on the part of the American people was touching, but exhausting. Yet my publishers telephoned me every two or three hours, to say that editions of my latest novel were flying through multitudinous presses; that I must bear up under the strain and give the public what it demands: namely, a glimpse of me and of my aristocratic wife. This, it seems, is what sells a book in America. The public must see an author in order to believe that he can write.

When my distinguished forebear Charles Dickens[1] arrived in the town of Boston, he found his room flooded with offers of a pew at Sunday morning church. This fashion in America has apparently passed, though I was taken on sightseeing expeditions to various cathedrals whose architecture seemed to me to be execrable (largely European copies — nothing natively American). It was never suggested that I attend divine service. On the contrary, I had countless invitations to be present at what is known as a "cocktail chase". My New York literary admirers seemed tumbling over one another to offer me the keys to their cellars and to invite me to take part in one of those strange functions. It is their love of danger, rather than any particular passion for liquor, that has, I believe, given birth to these elaborate fêtes.

A cocktail chase takes place shortly before dinner. It may lead you into any one of a number of places, even as far as the outlying districts of the Bronx. If you own a motor, you may use that; if not, a taxi will do. Usually a large numbers of motors are employed. Add to this pursuing motorcycle policemen, and the sight is most impressive. The police are for protection against crime waves, not for the arrest of the cocktail chasers. A revenue agent performs this function, when it becomes necessary. However, if I tell you the story of our introduction to literary New York, it will include the tale of one of the most thrilling cocktail chases in the history of Manhattan. I shall, therefore, proceed.

The number of our invitations was so large that it was hard to pick and choose. Naturally, we did not care to risk attendance at any function which might injure our reputation. Usually my wife has an almost psychic sense of such matters; but the Social Regis-

1 The relationship was on my husband's father's side. The Turbots were never so closely connected with the bourgeoisie. *Thr. Tb.*

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ter was of no assistance in this case.[2] Before several hours had passed, however, we decided to hire a social secretary. I phoned my publisher for a recommendation. "Dear Tubby", he said, "what you need is a publicity agent, not a social secretary. I'll send you the best New York can offer immediately. It was careless of me not to think of it before. You seemed to have a genius for that sort of thing yourself."

The publicity agent is difficult to explain. He is somehow connected with an American game which originated in the great northwest, and which is called log-rolling. He stands between you and the public which is clamoring for a glimpse of you. The difference between a social secretary and a publicity agent seems to be that the former merely answers invitations, while the latter makes sure that you are invited. He writes your speeches for you, sometimes even goes so far as to write your novels, and, in a strange place, will impersonate you at all public functions unless your wife objects.[3]

Mr. Vernay arrived, fortunately, in time to sort our invitations. "First", he said, "just you and Terry" (he was one of those brusque new world types and Theresa rather enjoyed his familiarity—"so refreshing", I remember she said) "sit right down and I'll tell you all about literature in this here New York."

I shall try to repeat his classification with some comments of my own. It seems that literary personages in New York City are divided into two large general groups: the older generation, and the younger intelligentsia. This division, it seems, is a recent one, explained by the fact that it is only since the war that youth in America has been articulate. This so surprised the parental mind that every attempt is being made to repress the young. In fact a special board of censorship has been formed to suppress all novels by those under the age of fifteen. If this were in England, I should think it absurd; but you have no right to judge the actions of the "elder writers" until you have met what is known as a "flapper novelist". No method of suppression could be too drastic. There are two main flapper novelists: one male and one female; and though generally frowned upon by mothers, it is nevertheless true that their books have a sale which last year very nearly equaled that of my own books.

The next phenomenon to be considered is the "colyumnist". A colyumnist is a gentleman taken from journalistic ranks and commanded by his editor to become both literary and entertaining. He should be, preferably, a former prizefighter, or if he has not himself worn the gloves, he, at least, should have been a sport writer. This makes it certain that he will approach art with a freshness of viewpoint. The American public demands a complete lack of knowledge on the part of its critic. "From knowledge springs prejudice," the editor of a famous American fashion magazine told me. This gentleman, by the way, is a great authority on books. He can always tell the public what novel is going to be popular. He does this by leaving copies about slyly in millinery establishments and then, after a week

2 We, of course, had entrée to all the best Fifth Avenue homes, but since we have now become literary folk, we chose to remain so. We therefore avoided the better classes. *Thr. Tb.*

3 Indeed Mr. Vernay was a most accomplished gentleman, and I never objected to him. I only remarked once that I was glad Timothy was not so attractive to the ladies as Mr. Vernay. This, I did not consider an objection. *Thr. Tb.*

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"Mr. Smirk was covered with smiles"

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has passed, counting the number of finger prints on the pages. It is an excellent test. One of the great publishing houses employs him as chief editorial adviser, sending manuscripts to him for this purpose. An author recently sued them for damages, having found a chocolate finger print on his returned manuscript. When the matter was explained he was, of course, very pleased. "Only fancy", he told me, "how dreadful I should have felt had there been no finger print at all, or if it had been found on the first page instead of the last." These colyumnists have great power. Most of them are chosen because of what Americans term a "magnetic personality", which is the ability to keep one's self constantly and blatantly in the public eye. Having drawn to themselves, by this means, what is called a "following", they become advisers to this group of people on any one of a number of topics: books, plays, baby foods, race horses, politics, morality, and passion. They take the place of the great spiritual mentors of old. It is well known that one of these fellows is constantly protected by private detectives, for fear of attack by irate husbands whose wives have followed his moral advice. A deputation of children recently petitioned another lest he ruin their lives by advice on education. Still another was sued by a parent for having driven his eighteen year old son to take up life before the mast.

If an American author once becomes the friend of a colyumnist, he can hire a secretary to write his novels. His future is secure.

Next come the "popular novelists". These ladies and gentlemen are retained at huge salaries by publishing houses because they once wrote a book that sold several hundred thousand copies. They dictate two books a year, each of which sells, by dint of much advertising, somewhat less than the last, until finally, as the prices paid them by popular magazines rise, the sales of their books become negligible. They live in the suburbs as a rule, and do not mix with the other members of the literary community. Their mornings are spent with a secretary, their afternoons at horseback, golf, and social climbing, a pastime which we will explain later.

As Mr. Vernay tossed away one invitation after another he made the most caustic remarks.

"From Betty Tango, the illustrator. Bah! She mixes a good punch and wears interesting clothes, but she insists on being the lion at all her own parties. You'd get nothing there."

"From Tommy Mascot — the dramatic critic. You'd find an interesting crowd; but his one effort in life is to make his friends uncomfortable and his enemies miserable. Consequently he soon makes enemies of his friends. Hardly worth your while."

"From Gerald Smirk, the young editor—too new to be important. A bore himself, so he chooses shocking friends. His parties are so mixed as to be impossible for Mrs. Tubby."

"Oh!" Mr. Vernay smiled triumphantly. "Here we have it. This is an invitation for you and Mrs. Tubby to be the guests of honor at a *salon* at the favorite club of Arthur Starbuckle, the editor of "The Cravat", a magazine "for men only". This is the proper introduction to literary New York. If your neckwear happens to catch Art Starbuckle's eye, you're made. I'll send out notices to the newspapers at once that you've accepted this invitation."

"But", I protested, "aren't you sending *him* any word?"

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"Oh, *he'll* see the *papers*," replied Mr. Vernay. And that was how I learned how invitations are answered in America.

"This *salon*, as you call it, what will it be like?" Theresa asked Mr. Vernay.

Vernay smiled. "Anyone may have a *salon* in America," he replied. "A clever woman, or just a woman, or a man with *salonic* tendencies. All that's necessary is a good house, a good bootlegger, and a good publicity agent. Why, I myself have engineered twenty *salons;* all going full blast now, and ten of the hostesses were from the *middle west*. Think of it! and with only a high school education. They get away with it by studying the book of famous quotations and the French phrases in the back of a dictionary."[4]

At that very moment the telephone bell rang.

Vernay leaped to his feet.

"Get over to that desk!" he commanded. He seized some manuscripts from the tray of my trunk. Threw them before me. "Mrs. Tubby", he shouted, "take the smelling salts, lie down on the chaise longue, and seem ill and bored. If you ever looked aristocratic in your life, do it now!"

"But, my dear Mr. Vernay," Theresa gasped.

"It's probably another interviewer!" Mr. Vernay stammered. "It might even be a sob sister.[5] At all costs we must be dramatic. Drama is the soul of the American woman's page. Is that gown you're wearing a Paquin? Couldn't you make it a bit more negligée?"

Mr. Vernay turned, radiant, from the telephone.

"It is, it is, I knew it was. He's come as I knew he would. It's Mr. Smirk. He's the Boswell of the younger intelligentsia!"

"But Tubby's not young!" Theresa protested.

"Ah!" and Mr. Vernay laid his finger along the side of his nose, a gesture which the Americans have borrowed from the pages of my esteemed forebear Mr. Dickens.[6] "But he's intelligent."

"You'll like Smirk," Mr. Vernay explained further. "He's a perfect tuft hunter. He'll do a paragraph about you both in his 'Notorious Notes'."

"But we've just refused an invitation from him."

"Oh that doesn't matter," said Mr. Vernay. "It's impossible to offend him. He'll invite you again."

Mr. Smirk came in. He was covered with smiles, very young, blushing. His worship of our ability was nothing short of touching. Vernay pushed a note toward me. Smirk saw me take it, I'm sure, and turned away, blushing again.

"He's a poet. Wrote 'Sobs for Sinners'. Likes flattery. Has a poem about grapejuice."

"I'm so sorry that I left my copy of 'Sobs for Sinners' in England. It was all because I was so busy working on a new novel," I told Mr. Smirk.

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4 I met a Mrs. Margrave at one of the places. She spoke constantly the most vulgar French of a *cocotte*.

THERESA: Where did you learn your exquisite accent, my dear?

MRS. M.: My husband taught it to me. He studied so hard while he was with the army in France.

THERESA *(wickedly)*: You speak what is called Parisian French, my dear.

MRS. M. *(thrilled)*: How interesting! Jimmie *told* me that he took lessons faithfully every evening while he was in Paris. *Thr. Tb.*

5 A sob sister is an elderly unmarried woman who writes of intimate marriage problems for the American papers. *Thr. Tb.*

6 In spite of all I can say, my husband will mention his connection with the vulgar old imbecile. *Thr. Tb.*

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"Theresa so enjoyed the little ditty about lemonade."

"Oh, it was so nice of her to remember it—only it was about lime-water. What an honor! What a joy; actually to be recognized by the famous Tubby family. Are you coming to my party in honor of you?"

Mr. Vernay apologized. . . .

"So sorry; but I'll have to have it just the same—for myself," said Mr. Smirk. "So pleased to have *met* you at last after these years of admiration"—and he bowed himself out.

"That's fine!" said Vernay. "Fine! A successful affair. You'll have to hand it to me; it was the grapejuice did it!"

"But he did not interview us," I protested.

"Didn't you tell him that you were writing a new novel? That's all he wanted to know. His own enthusiasm will do the rest. He's a noted enthusiasm slinger."[7]

I quote a part of the interview which appeared a month later, as an example of the splendid way in which all shades of opinion received us in America.

We found them, the two delightful Tubbies, in their room at the Ritz. She (our fashion editor tells us that she was probably wearing a tulle dressing gown décolleté) was lying on a chaise longue upholstered in purple, her aristocratic little hand holding, not a cigarette mind you, but a tiny filigree bottle of smelling salts, to her nose. That nose! that famous delicately traced nose: no one but a scion of English nobility could possess so distinctive a nose! He, the great Tubby, was busy at his desk working at his new novel. How anxiously we await that novel. How the American public awaits it. We are proud to be the first one to announce it. Mr. Tubby told us the plot; but with our usual discretion we absolutely refuse to disclose it.

"Do you like America?" we asked.

"*Do I!*" was all the distinguished Theresa replied.[8] But how eloquent—and we shall never forget that nose poised above the smelling salts.

Early the next morning while Theresa was still going through the papers to see how many times our names were mentioned, the telephone bell began to ring. It was Tommy Mascot, the famous dramatic critic. He wanted to know if we wouldn't attend one of his cocktail chases before going to Art Starbuckle's party at the Bevo Club. At first we pleaded a busy day, but when he said, "I've heard what a great and successful fox hunter your wife is, you really can't deprive her of the unique pleasure of our newest athletic entertainment"—well really, we couldn't resist that. "I'll call for you a trifle early," he added. "You must see some of the sights of Times Square."

Soon Mr. Vernay arrived for what he called a "strategic council of war".

"I mustn't be *seen* with you," he explained. "Certain press circles are prejudiced against me. I usually work in disguises; in fact, I keep a variety of them for all occasions. Tonight I shall use cork and livery. As a waiter, I shall be in constant attendance at your elbow. You will know me by my black and white whiskers. If you can think of nothing to say, talk about literature. It is a safe subject. None of the guests will know anything about it. Above all things be on your guard when T.N.T. is around."

"And who is T.N.T.?" we, the Tubbies, demanded in chorus.

"Tom Taloween," replied Vernay. "He's the most powerful of the

7 An enthusiasm slinger is a member of an American society called the Pollyanna Club. It is quite large and powerful, and its members wear a smile button concealed somewhere on their persons. *Thr. Tb.*

8 Of course this was a misquotation — I never used so dreadful an American colloquialism! Not on your tintype! *Thr. Tb.*

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"Lily found the bottle"

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colyumnists. Why! He once recommended the wearing of suspenders instead of belts, and every young man on Broadway could be heard snapping his shoulder straps for miles east and west. In fact, I strongly advise you to wear suspenders this evening. Bring up the subject, too. It's his hobby. He collects suspenders and has invented a musical instrument which is entirely strung with ancient flowered trouser supporters. Ask him to let you hear him play Tschaikowsky on it, some time. He'll appreciate that. Oh, you'll make a hit all right. How can you help it, with me around to tell you just what to talk to everyone about?"

About four o'clock, Tommy Mascot bustled in. (I am told that he was chosen as dramatic critic because of his knowledge of poker playing.)

"We must hurry," he bubbled. "I'm sure that no one has thought to show you our haberdashery shops. I feel it my duty. Come!"

We hurried after him and soon found ourselves outside a window into which we all peered solemnly, at a spectacular array of white raiment.

"Dear, dear", sputtered Tommy Mascot, "we must have new neckties. Art Starbuckle will *never* allow us to appear as we are. Socks to match, too."

"But—with a dinner jacket," I protested—"and where will we change?"

"Oh we can put them on right in the taxicab," he assured us. "Bright green ties are all the rage with dinner jackets. They will realize at once that we are both members of the same coterie if we wear bright green ties. Besides, I am well known as the man who always wants his friends to buy him a new tie."

"But", I protested, "I haven't any money."

"I'll lend you some," he offered. "And have you heard the latest?" We shook our heads. He looked exceedingly clever, then said:

"Poor Theresa Tubby,
Why didn't she marry a butter hubby?"

We had been warned by Mr. Vernay that we must expect personal insults, as they are not considered insults at all in these circles; but this needed some explanation. It not only seemed to be insulting, but also unintelligible.

"Oh, I see, slow on the uptake aren't you?" he gurgled. "It's a double play on words. Butter — tubby — hubby — better hubby — butter tub — don't you see now?"

We didn't; but naturally we applauded his cunning. Later we found that a high premium is placed on various forms of punning in New York literary society. Little games are devised and a prize is offered each week for the best play on words. This is considered the height of brilliance. The winner of each week's contest is mentioned three times in T.N.T.'s colyumn. It is a fascinating sight to see these ladies and gentlemen and even little children shouting puns at each other and loudly claiming superiority for their own.

"Now for the cocktail chase," said Tommy Mascot. "We must have another taxi, and yet another!" He hailed them.

"Mrs. Tubby, please get into the front taxi. Go to this address"—he handed her a paper — "repeat these words"—he whispered in her ear—"they will give you my maiden aunt."

We expressed our surprise.

"She's for purposes of camouflage, you see. Who would suspect *anyone* of being on a cocktail chase with a maiden aunt?"

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I could see the tears commencing to gather in Theresa's eyes; but that dauntless huntress would scarcely be swayed from her course by so simple an experiment as was this.

"You take the second taxi," Mascot commanded me. "Ride three blocks east, half a block west, break three running boards and a couple of fenders and call Policeman No. 322. He will tell you the whereabouts of my mother's sister's lady's maid. Fetch her."

"How strange," Theresa remarked in spite of herself. "It is not customary in our country to allow lady's maids to ride to hounds."

"You see", explained Mascot, "you can't be particular about the social status of your pack of bootleggers. The young man who is walking out with Lily knows how to stalk Vermouth. We *must* have him. So, run along now, and don't be too slow about it.

"I myself am going to hunt for a revenue agent to bribe. They are easier to bribe than to find. Meet me in fifteen minutes at the corner of Forty-Second Street and Broadway."

With that we all three hopped into our taxis, the motors began to chug, and the cocktail chase was on.

"Tap! Tap!"—what was this aged face peering in at the window as we careened madly through the crowded streets? A messenger lad. I helped him to crawl through the window, so risking life and limb.

"How do you do?" I said.

"Mr. Tubby," he gasped. "I'm from the Trout publishing house. Here are proofs of our latest novel. Kindly read them at once. We must have a comment from you for our advertisements in the morning."

This seemed strange; but I tore open the package, and after reading the first page realized that it was just another of these crude American attempts. I scribbled, therefore: "This is horrifying. It would be tragic to take time to read it."—T. Tubby.

The morning papers bore the following legend:

READ MAJOR DOBB'S NEWEST NOVEL

Timothy Tubby says:

"Horrifying. . . .tragic. . . .take time to read it."

If *the great English novelist* spares his valuable hours to digest this novel, can you afford to miss it?

Answer—your nearest book store!

Now my taxi was swinging along in splendid fashion. Presently we hit an old lady, then a little boy. The driver turned to me with a jolly grin:

"That was a good one, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I replied. "But are you following the directions?"

"Sure," said he, as he hit a fender just to prove his point.

I gave Policeman 322 the "high sign", as the Americans have it. He pointed solemnly to a group of ten young ladies standing on the corner. They were all dressed similarly, short skirts, etc.—the only difference that I noticed was—well, how was I to tell which was Lily? I asked No. 322.

"Go ask 'em, you boob!" he suggested.

I approached the group gingerly. I asked in tentative tones which was Lily.

"You fresh guy," they shouted in unison.

No. 322 came running over.

"Hi, you English fella, waddye mean by accosting those young ladies?"

I explained that I was looking for Lily.

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"Oh, so y'are," he replied. "Well, here she be!"

Lily greeted me cordially. "These are my companions *de chasse*," she explained.

"All of them?" I asked.

She replied in the affirmative. Well, the long and short of it was, we all piled into two taxicabs and with much screaming and shouting swept on magnificently toward Forty-Second Street.

There I saw a strange sight. Theresa was pacing up and down in front of a cigar store with a doddering old lady on her arm. It was undoubtedly the maiden aunt. She looked so thoroughly respectable.

"I've forgotten it!" she was saying in pitiful tones. "I've forgotten the Lickertester."

"She's forgotten the Lickertester," Theresa explained. "It's not safe to go on without it. We might capture some wood alcohol!"

The young ladies were screaming, the taxicab drivers shouting, a crowd was gathering, Theresa was weeping, the maiden-lady aunt was leaning in a state of faint against a cigar store window; when fortunately, Tommy Mascot arrived with a red-faced gentleman firmly held by the collar.

"It's a revenue agent", he shouted, "and he refuses to be bribed. We'll have to take him along, so we will!"

"Have you the Lickertester?" demanded Miss Teach—for that was her name.

"Several," replied Tommy, as he jumped to the lap of a taxi driver, seized the wheel with one hand and the horn with another, and shouted: "Follow! Follow! Follow!"

I found myself alongside of Miss Teach, who was clapping her hands joyfully, thrilled as she was by the excitement of the chase.

"Where are we going now?" I asked her.

"We're stalking Vermouth!" she told me. "Can't you hear the Vermouth note in the cries of the taxi horns? It's unmistakable!"

Suddenly all the taxis stopped.

"What's happening now?" I asked Miss Teach, who was sobbing quietly.

"Oh, how I hate to see any poor creature suffer! Another revenue agent gone. They're putting him down a manhole now. Poor little revenue agent!"

"Do you mean that they *murdered* him?"

"Not exactly that," she explained. "They bribed him with a bottle of bad whisky. He drank it. So that's that! Now we can go on."

Then the motorcycle policemen joined us. They ran alongside and waved their caps at us, cheering us along.

"I just bet you never saw a sight like this in England," said Miss Teach to me, and there was only one reply.

Now we had come into the outlying districts of the Bronx. We stopped in front of an amusement park. Lily's young man, it seems, had hidden a bottle of Vermouth under the cushions of one of the cars of a ferris wheel. How to find it? All of us must take a ride. Alas! It was perilous, indeed, whirling high above New York City and hunting under those cushions for the prize. Miss Teach became quite ill. I carried her to a cab. But when Lily found the bottle it cheered everyone immensely.

"On, on again," shouted the imperturbable Mascot, waving the bottle above his head. "Gin is the cry now! Aunt Annie! To your milliner's!"

The mauve curtains of the millinery

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shop were drawn discreetly. For the first time during the chase we were quiet. The motorcycle policemen crept along like so many hounds. By a back entrance we entered single file. It was dark. It was mysterious. Mascot spoke in a hoarse whisper:

"Approach the ribbon counter softly. Feel with your hands among the ribbons. It is there lies the quarry."

The ribbons were soft to the touch. I found nothing.

A scream. A familiar scream. It was Terry!

"I have it! I have it! I'm first!" She was waving a bottle of gin.

"Here, let me test it." Mascot ripped out the stopper and stuck in a long tube. It was the Lickertester. He lit the end of it. "If it burns red, it's good," he explained. "If it burns yellow, we must destroy it. . .Ah! Fine!"

"But that looks *yellow* to me," I warned.

"Oh no, it's orange," contradicted Mascot; "that means it's pretty good. It may blind us, but it can't kill us!"

There was a shout from the front of the shop.

"A crime wave is on us! Flee! Flee!"

From all directions I saw masked men with guns approaching. Theresa noticed my confusion. In the general mêlée she picked me up in her arms and ran to a taxi. Tommy Mascot was on our heels.

"To the Bevo Club," he commanded. As we sank back for a well earned rest in the cushions of the cab, Theresa smiled her famous, triumphal smile and, throwing back the furs that swathed her, displayed,—what do you think? Two bottles, one of gin and one of Vermouth. She had won the day. The quarry was hers.

"Congratulations! I didn't think it possible. You have, you have achieved a cocktail. And what do you think of a cocktail chase?"

"Very American," was my dear wife's only reply.

TO ATALANTA

By Dorothy Dow

YOU, Atalanta, were so fleet.
Lend the magic of your feet,
Lend your rushing sandals slim
That I may outdistance him.

I would race with him, and show
How much faster I can go.

Then, when he, all wearily
Stops to rest beneath a tree,
Whisper to him that I will
Wait . . . beyond the farthest hill.

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THE LONDONER

The Strike of London Publishers' Packers---Fortunes Made Out of Books---Authors and Cash---J. B. Pinker---A Doll's House for Queen Mary---Byron Letters and Virtuous Interest in Vice---Robert Nichols as Critic---Distinguished Travelers.

LONDON, *March* 1, 1922.

THE whole of the London book trade is convulsed, as I write, by its first strike. As a result things are abnormal, and I do not know how seriously the sale of books will ultimately be affected. The matter has arisen from the natural difficulty of wages. These rose with the increase in the cost of living, and now that the cost of living has been reduced the employers are anxious to effect a reduction of wages. One reduction has already occurred, so that what the men are resisting is not so much the thin end of the wedge as its firm insinuation into their means of livelihood. The men in many cases distrust all attempts to deal with the problem, for they think that when once a beginning has effectively been made in this direction it cannot fail to progress in a direction unfavorable to themselves. At the moment the question centres around a reduction of five shillings a week. It sounds reasonable, particularly as I am told that even if it is accepted without more ado this five shilling decrease—after taking into account the changed purchasing power of money—will leave the average wage of packers in publishing offices at something like forty per cent. above prewar average wages. Unfortunately, in spite of guarantees that there shall be no further attack upon the wages for a specified time, suspicion persists. Added to this, there seems to have been the inevitable misunderstanding. Also, one of the largest houses among the distributing agents has complicated the issue because of other sections of the business it does, very remotely connected with the book trade.

What will happen, it is impossible to say. The men argue that the wages of printers' packers would still be above what they are being asked to accept; but they are demurring in ignorance of the fact that a very much greater reduction is being suggested by the master printers. When this matures, it seems likely that there will be fresh trouble, and if the present strike is still in being when the printers get going, it is possible that the trouble may spread. If it does there may be a royal row. In that case printers, binders, and publishers will quite possibly rise up into something like a general combination for and against the reduction of wages. And among the employees in publishing houses there is anything but a unanimous stand. In several cases the men have disregarded the findings of their union, and have asked to be allowed to accept the reduction. They are continuing their work, and are actually in the position of fighting their own union. The situation is full of anomalies, and technical points are innumerable. One learns afresh each day what curious creatures human beings are, and what singular rules and taboos and exceptions arise when such a controversy as this occurs.

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One thing is certain. Something has got to be done to reduce the price of books. They have reached the limit of costliness, and when it is considered how much it costs to put any book upon the market nowadays one cannot wonder that there should be a strenuous attempt upon the part of the employers to deal with a difficulty which has become farcical. Possibly my readers will not be so interested as I am in this matter; but I can assure them that it is vital. Before a book can be published at all it has to go through so many hands, and so many people have to make a profit out of it, that the purchaser, while paying amply for what he gets, has no conception of the immense sacrifices which have been made in order that he may be induced to pay the price which he is ultimately asked. Think of the author's royalty. Think of the expenses of any publisher, who has to maintain a staff to write his letters, and make out his invoices, and pack his parcels, etc. Rent, firing, lighting, and the general expenses of any office have to be taken into account; and it is generally considered that these matters amount roughly to twenty or twenty-five per cent. of the publisher's turnover. Think, then, of the stationer who provides the paper for the book; of the printer who sets it up and machines it. Each of these has his overhead expenses, and has to make his profit. The binders are also a collection of men who are not in business for mere love. The men who draw the dust-cover designs, and the men who reproduce them; they also have to live. There are carriers in England who send the books from publisher or binder to the booksellers in remote parts. They have to live. The bookseller has to live. and he feels that he cannot do this satisfactorily unless he makes a clear—what shall I say?—twenty-five per cent. profit upon each book he sells (as distinguished from the considerable number which he does *not* sell, but has to store hopefully for a favorable moment in the future). The reader pays for all these profits. And yet he gets the book for a few shillings. Is there much in it, do you think?

Ordinarily, I believe, book buyers think that every book sells in millions. As an author myself, I am constantly surprised by the large number of non-book buyers who think that I can support them in old age or penury without ever noticing the loss of my charitable donations. They must suppose me exceedingly wealthy. I know that other authors are in the same position. All sorts of admirers write: "I must tell you how I love your books. I feel sure you are a large-hearted man.... And now I am going to tell you about my trouble...." The eye skips on. "The dearest little chap, only two years old.... It does seem a shame.... Could you send me...." When this comes from total strangers, is it any wonder that old school fellows who remember so well.... and relatives (remote) who think that an allowance would be so generous of you and so helpful to them, are still more pressing? So much for the author, and his millions. But in reality you may take it from me that books do not sell in millions. They sell in thousands. And some of them sell in HUNDREDS. There are many English authors who do not see a hundred pounds back for months of work upon a highly praised book. Think of this spread all over the publishing business. and you will get the matter in better perspective. The publishing trade is nowadays no gold mine. It is a business in which large sales at

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times compensate for small sales. It is a business which pays less for highly trained brains than I should think any other business in the world. Its profits are so narrowly calculated that the man who sells matches in the street makes a proportionately larger haul per shilling. Do you wonder that publishers want to reduce the wages of their packers? On the one side are the packers asking that their wages shall remain as high as they are at present; and on the other side is the book buyer, saying that he will wait until books are cheaper before he resumes buying them for the home. I wonder how the trouble will end. It makes me consider whether there may not be trouble so general in this trade that the whole question will call for a great deal of skill in adjustment, and finally for a general reduction of wages so great as to make the present suggestions seem like a futile bite at the problem.

Let us speak of something more pleasant. Let us imagine a tremendously successful year for the book-buyer and the publisher and all the stalwarts who put these two into communication. I say nothing at the moment about the author, who will go on producing books with a sweet hope that tomorrow's meal will be forthcoming, whatever the prospects of the book trade. I have never met such an author, but I suppose that he exists. Personally, I find authors less rhapsodic over their art than printers and publishers. There is a story that Bernard Shaw, after listening for some time to the poetic entreaties and propaganda of a film agent, was stung to the retort: "Ah, Mr. Blank, the difference between you and me is that I think only of money, and you think only of ART!" There is—as this story illustrates—a sort of hard, brutal realism about authors which to me, who am only half an author, is almost shocking. Authors have been taught to be hard. They are of those men who suspect all who try to help them. This means that authors are not really so learned in the ways of the world as they pretend to be. Only the innocent, or rather the half informed, are suspicious of their fellows. They are like prudes, who see harm where none is. It is from the same cause in each case— inexperience of life.

* * * *

One man has done more, perhaps, for authors than any other—I mean in the matter of business; and that is J. B. Pinker. I think there is no doubt that the news of the death of Pinker last month was received by all his clients with a shock that amounted to consternation. It was not only that he was a good agent. He was that; but he was a good deal more. He was a real man. I was in his office the day before he sailed for America, and we talked for an hour. Not a sign did he give that he was waiting till the last moment for catching his train home; but he caught his train. To me that is significant of the man. He knew how long he could take and he took exactly that time. He knew what he could do, and he generally did it. And he was candid. He would tell an author his true opinion. I remember once saying of something I had written: "It's very bad." He meekly replied: "Yes, it is"; and then, with equally quiet and humorous relenting, added: "You didn't think I should say that, did you!" Well, I had not thought he would say exactly that, although I find people are generally very candid when it comes to saying what they think of my work; but the story illustrates a teasing habit he had, and also his capacity for being the friend of the

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authors for whom he acted. He was a friend to some of them in a very real sense. In my case, he saw possibilities of commercial success almost before any other man or woman; and he never for an instant forced the commercial note in talking to me. What he said was: "Write what you want to write, and don't worry. I'll sell it." That was in the old days. Later, he would sometimes call upon me on his way to lunch, purely for the sake of a chat, and would stay on, delightfully communicative, but never indiscreet. His acquaintance with authors became really intimate and his comments upon character were admirably shrewd. He was witty, too, as the result of a very close knowledge of reality and a completely unsentimental attitude to life. But I do not think he was unkind — I, at any rate, never found him so. That he was hard in a bargain is probably true; but that also was perhaps the result of his freedom from sentimentality. Publishers — English publishers—are apt to be sentimental where their own interests are concerned. I have heard some of them explain to authors why they wanted to publish the work of these authors. The question of profit seemed not to enter into the calculation at all. And yet it was sometimes the publisher who made the profit. Pinker did not let the publisher become sentimental. His "yes" had extraordinary potence as an interjection. It was quiet, expressionless, and it pulled the publisher up short. It held all the significances of assent, deprecation, sarcasm, and baffling incomprehensibility. It is quite likely that some publishers were rather afraid of Pinker in his lifetime. They will find it hard to replace him now that he is dead. However, his son Eric is to carry on the business, and although he is young Eric Pinker has many of his father's great qualities. I look to see him in time take his father's place in the literary world. That J. B. Pinker could not have a better successor I am sure. Here's luck to Eric Pinker in his difficult task. I think he will win through.

* * * *

The amount of printed matter which has been produced upon the occasion of Princess Mary's marriage is amazing. Most of it has been of intolerably poor quality. Yards and yards of stuff about the romance of the marriage, about the way in which the wedding dress and presents have been made by old women who remember the marriage of Queen Victoria, and about the Girl Scouts and all the Marys in England, have been followed by hysterical descriptions of the scenes at the wedding, and so on. It has reached a pitch almost of indecency. Fortunately the Princess is now married, and I suppose that we shall settle down once again to the world of political intrigue and the world of commercial necessity. Soon there will be another rather domestic sensation, for the Queen is to be given an extraordinary present. This is nothing less than an enormous doll's house, complete in every particular. It is to be the miniature replica of a real modern house, with everything reduced to an exactly calculated scale. The architecture will be model, on the best modern lines. Modern improvements will have their miniature places in the house, and the work will all have been done by the leading practitioners in the various crafts to be illustrated. Little sculptures by famous modern sculptors will adorn the rooms, and upon the walls will hang little pictures, drawn to scale, by the best painters of the day. A library will contain little

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books composed especially by the most noted modern authors, and written or printed in tiny volumes by the hands of the authors themselves. There will be every sanitary convenience, even to a little bath and a little water closet, in which real water will run and run away. The thing may seem a little silly to some, but I have heard one very good argument for the doll's house, which is that in a future time it will serve to show clearly what were the habits and conveniences of the present age. My informant pointed out that we should now find such a replica of an Elizabethan house of the greatest interest. I do not know how or when the present is to be made to the Queen, but at the moment no mention has yet been made of the scheme in the London papers, and I imagine that the house cannot be ready for some weeks.

* * * *

The new Byron letters have been the principal topic of literary attention here during the last few weeks. I am told by one expert in such matters that they settle finally the great Astarte controversy. This is as well, because we had begun again to hear too much of this matter. Why such things as illicit love affairs should be without parallel in the interest they create, I do not know, but the impulse is a human one and therefore is beyond explanation. I was saying the other day to a friend that I supposed pornographic works to be written solely for those who let "I dare not" wait upon "I would", and I found myself contradicted. It appears that even naturally wicked people, and those who are professionally unconventional, are addicted to the reading of pornography. The suggestion is that by this reading they are to all intents and purposes taking a busman's holiday. Poor things! Let them have their pleasure. But what of the supremely virtuous? How strange it is that they also should take such pleasure in the obscure and disagreeable liaisons of deceased poets! I have seen deaf old ladies recover their auditory powers when a scandal was mentioned. I have seen articles in religious weeklies which said in effect: "This disgraceful book is one which every right-thinking person will condemn. It is a pity that it should ever have been published. It can only do harm. Take for example the following passage, which occurs on pages 265-272 [lengthy quotations follow]. Is not this shameful? What are we to think of an author who pollutes his pages with such obscene matter? Something so revolting is indicated on page 294 that we can hardly bring ourselves to quote it. But we do so in order to make our objection to the book quite clear. . . ." And so on. Is it not evident that there was on the part of the writer either a morbid or a cynical desire to wallow in the quotations for the benefit of his readers and his circulation? I can understand badness and naughtiness; but I find the virtuous attitude of curiosity and excitement concerning the vice of others so horrible as to unfit me for the society of virtuous persons.

* * * *

I hear that Robert Nichols is on his way back to England from Tokyo, where he is professor of English literature. He will have a warm welcome, I have no doubt, from his friends. But I question whether he will find the young novelists very cordial to him, for this juvenile professor has been indulging in very un-professorial criticism of the young novelists, and they can hardly be expected to like it. Here was this stripling sent out to Japan

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to preach the gospel of the greatness of contemporary English writers; and he has failed us. He has been "blowing the gaff". He has been making fun of the novelists, of their habits, of their physical condition, of their illusions and idiosyncrasies. Whether this will advance the cause of English literature in Japan I cannot tell; but the articles, although written with haste and inaccuracy, contained some surprisingly good criticism in a style which I can only describe as "with the gloves off". I see no harm in such criticism, as long as the critic is above suspicion of malice, which is the case with Nichols. Nevertheless, the articles are distinctly cheeky and I think Nichols may have some trouble when he arrives. I suppose he felt safe at a distance. One does.

* * * *

Wells returns to London next week, after a long absence. He says he feels as though he has been away a very long time. It is true. Nor is he the only one of our lights who has been away, for Bennett is only recently returned from the Riviera, where he has finished a new novel. The history of this new novel, the title of which I do not know, is extraordinary. Perhaps one day I will reveal it. The book, I need hardly say, is not "Mr. Prohack". Nor is it anything like that book in manner. Francis Brett Young has returned from South Africa, and has been in London for a few days. He is full of ambitious schemes. Gilbert Cannan, I am told, is in London. D. H. Lawrence, who has a new novel appearing called "Aaron's Rod", has gone to India, or at least to Ceylon. Hugh Walpole goes next week to Vienna and then to Italy. The general migration to Italy will of course commence shortly; and then I shall be left alone in London once more. Unless I too go to Italy! It has only just occurred to me that I might go there. Why should all these other people have all the fun? I'll look to it.

SIMON PURE

THE SOUTH WIND

By William Rose Benét

I'M as full of wisdom as a tree of leaves,
But the South Wind flows, blows and grieves,
Quivers every leaf with bewildering desire
Till a pallor of blossom ripples forth like fire,
Till I'm as full of color as a spring cherry tree
With a miracle of moonlight spilled over me,
And on branches gnarled and boughs they ought to prune
Memory is dancing fantastic to the moon!

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

IN the primer of play writing, which every dramatist must master before he is permitted to practise, the first twenty lessons are called "Things You Must Not Do". The professors of dramaturgy—whether collegiate or lay—are callous, ruthless men. Their job is to take the dewy neophytes who fall into their hands and cripple them. Before a young playwright is turned loose his wings are clipped, his claws are filed off until they are blunt and smooth, smoked glasses are fitted firmly over his eyes, and his bill is bound round with a woolen string. He is then let out of his cage and told to soar and sing to his heart's content.

The first thing one learns about the drama is that it is an exact and rigid art. Two and two must always make four. The square of the hypothenuse must always equal the sum of the three interior angles. The proscenium arch must never be ignored, and it is not made of rubber. It is a great gilt frame. What takes place behind it is, to those in front, the picture in the frame. That picture is all the spectators see. It is all they can know about the author's story. Therefore the playwright must so trim his tale that the portion of it which fits into the frame will include all he wants to say.

A play, like a piece of music, is an evanescent thing. It is a swiftly moving pageant of impressions, of moods which melt rapidly into one another. Each scene, each line must be so turned that its full import registers at once. The spectator, unlike the novel reader, has no chance to stop and think—and not much to think with anyway. He has no chance to reread, to adjust his imagination to the bounding fancy of the author. Like pugilism, play writing is a matter of landing hard and getting away; and as in pugilism, the blows that count are not the ones that you think are good, but the ones the old timer has taught you.

In these harsh axioms and a half hundred like them the beginning playwright is cruelly schooled.

Well, we can imagine a young man of vigorous imagination, who for some reason is convinced that the stage is the medium God meant him to choose, going through this preliminary training period. He would realize that a good workman first learns his craft; and that apprenticeship of any kind, whether for the shoemaker's trade or a career as a pianist, is always irksome. During his formative years he would submit. Gagged and shackled, he would nevertheless do his best to sing his song and dance his dance. He might bend his manacles to his own ends, rise superior to them, master them. He might come at length to take them for granted, and through the middle years of his career, consider that the very dexterity with which he manipulated them was the proof of his greatness. He might

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at last come to the fulness of his years successful, wealthy, and full of glory. In the autumn of his days he might sit down at his mahogany desk, take up his gold pen, stroke his white beard, and set about the writing of—his last play.

And the weariness, the pent up weariness of long years of conformity, might overcome him. The rebellion long choked down in his soul might at length well up. Tired of rules, tired of technique, tired of punishing and torturing his brain children, he might determine to write just what he wanted to write—for once.

Then the long imprisoned dreams, and the philosophies long hidden from the world would troop forth. Emancipated at last our tired old playwright would get up with a senile whoop of joy and kick all he knew about play writing through the window. Glowing with an enthusiasm he had not felt since he wrote his first allegory in blank verse at the age of fifteen, he would start to scribble. He might — and probably would — write terrible stuff. He might project something that would live forever, might adapt the stage to newer and finer uses, might go as far as thought can reach (on the stage). It was thus, no doubt, that Ibsen wrote "When We Dead Awaken", thus that Andreyev wrote "He Who Gets Slapped". And let us have in mind a flushed and rebellious old dramatist when we consider "Back to Methuselah".

For we think a good subtitle for this preposterous affront to Shaw's faithful followers would be "or The Rebellion of an Elderly Gentleman". Only from that human angle is it worth serious consideration. It certainly is not drama; and if it is to be presented on the stage as drama, it should be drama first of all, whatever else it may pretend to. Also we find it impossible to delve into this mass of inchoate verbiage in search of some new revelation, some new gospel of living. Nothing of the kind is there; the raw material may be there, but the raw material for another "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is to be found in quantity at Greenwood Cemetery. Shaw develops no coherent theme. He is as much at sea as the honest Ameri-

Albert Bruning

In "Back to Methuselah" bearing a striking resemblance to a certain elderly gentleman. With a hat too small for him and a part too large, Mr. Bruning was the busiest actor seen on the local stage in some time.

can flat dweller who left after the first part of "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas" and remarked, "I've seen a picture of the guy that played Joyce-Burge. I didn't know he was an actor." Shaw, in the surging waves of his own unbridled fancy, is as helpless as a cork off the Ambrose Light Ship. From this churning sea of words no articulated theory emerges. We find that it is no more philosophy

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than it is drama. To repeat, the only phase of it that is interesting is the spectacle it offers of a man who, finding his great powers waning, raises a mighty roar of resentment. From that point of view it is tremendously interesting, even tremendously dramatic. And one must record that there is a strange glamour about it, something indescribably stark, and a bit Olympian. It is, after all, Shaw. A great mind is at play, even if it is fretful play. Dull as much of it was we awaited each of the three performances with a keenness of anticipation that we have not felt since we stood in line of Saturday nights, as a wee lad, waiting to get into "nigger heaven" to see the latest burlesque show at the old town Opera House.

From another point of view it is of course at least thought provoking. No matter how mercilessly bored you may be you are likely to find yourself asking (as you used to in undergraduate days): "Well, what are we on this earth for anyway, and where do we go from here?" And you will observe with muddled emotions the muddled description which Shaw gives of the ideal goal for the human race. One notes, with this emotion or that, the phases of British culture of the present which Shaw singles out as targets for his swinging mace. One may (or may not) feel that the bleak existence which he advocates is not a higher plane of civilization, but a return to a particularly repellent kind of barbarism.

For Shaw would lop off the very things that differentiate us from the savages—who were very efficient breadwinners and who had plenty of time to lie on the sand and think. He snips his mighty pruning shears, for instance, at English country life, unquestionably one of the fairest flowers of civilization. Surely one of the last lessons man has learned in his upward climb from savagery is how to idle properly. Surely that is one thing that England may teach the world. It is her glory that her "real life is from Friday to Tuesday". The superb and cultivated loafers, whom we call English country gentlemen, are probably the most highly civilized beings in the world. Should we not expect Shaw to be hymning his motherland for her finest cultural achievement? Indeed a country is not without honor save to her own prophets. We did not admire the wise ancients, in the play, half so much as we admired the wise and thoroughly indolent Burge-Lubin, who delegated the labor of his office to Chinamen and negroes and enjoyed himself with the games and women that amused him.

And after Shaw has weeded everything out of civilization that offends him, and has remolded the old world nearer to his heart's desire, what a dismal place we have! Suppose human beings did begin life at their majority, what, in Shaw's view, would they really accomplish? What do the ancients of his imagining glean from their long sojourn on earth except a vast disdain for their kind, and an almost gruesome efficiency? Do they, in this play, attain to anything more desirable than the venerable Charles W. Eliot, say, or Thomas Edison has attained to? Does Shaw prove, or suggest any formula of proof, that human beings would be more blessed if they did live three hundred years? He does not; and herein lies his colossal failure. For it is a colossal failure. This play is all Shaw has garnered from his own sojourn on earth, his long and passionate study of his fellow beings!

How curious it is! Since the dim

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moment when the missing link first discovered that there was something above his ears that could think, man has been trying to convince himself that he is indestructible, immortal. Through the long centuries he has been shaping solemn systems of logic to prove it. Since the beginning of thought he has been trying to project his finite imagination into the dark infinity that lies beyond the grave. He has been devising magnificent regions wherein he is to find his conception of perfect bliss. What a record of impotence it is. What appalling prospects he has imagined. What eternities of intolerable boredom he has laid out for himself. And these puerile fabrications are "as far as thought can reach". Shaw perhaps is the possessor of one of the most highly developed brains our poor race has yet evolved. Here he pictures a future even more awful than the land of milk and honey conceived by the oriental sybarites in the childhood of the race. If Shaw has proved anything (which he has not), it is that we are lucky to have only three score and ten years of it.

Helen Hayes

The arch deaconess of all the flappers in America adopts a southern accent for her part in "To the Ladies!" It is estimated that already sixty-eight per cent. of the flappers in New York now say "Ah reckon." The man who put Miss Hayes up to it has left town.

Yet even such casual reflections as these are, we think, unwarranted. It was a splendid thing to put this play on the stage. The enterprise is the Theatre Guild's crowning glory. Beyond question the production is the great event in our theatrical history. But the Guild deserves the homage, not Shaw. As a craftsman he cannot be forgiven. His material is simply not dramatized. He was inexcusably lazy in putting his ideas into play form. If his Burge-Lubin is inefficient and indolent as a statesman, what shall we say of Shaw, who prides himself on being a "showman"? From the standpoint of craftsmanship he is atrociously amateurish. A strange word to apply to Shaw, but there is no other. No dramatist, whatever his purpose in writing plays, can, in his artistic maturity, be pardoned such workmanship. Shaw regards himself as a dramatist as well as a Messiah. He has frequently grouped himself with Shakespeare. He aspires to be a master. What if Michael Angelo or Beethoven had, at the end, been guilty of such grievous bungling in the arts they had mastered? Still again, we may remind ourselves of the exasperated and resentful old dramatist freed at last from his shackles.

We thought again of those same ruthlessly imposed inhibitions which the beginning dramatist submits to when we saw "The First Fifty Years". This is the first play of a young writer named Henry Myers, and contemplation of it should convince anyone that nothing but the purest piffle underlies the first few paragraphs of our present article. In

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view of what young Mr. Myers (who probably is complacently unaware of the laws and shackles we spoke of) has accomplished, could any means of artistic expression be more plastic than the stage?

By means of seven scenes and two characters, two lives are reenacted during the time we sit in the Princess Theatre. As the oddly fascinating play moves on we realize that we are being fully informed about practically everything of consequence that happened to Anne and Martin Wells since 1870. We not only know what happened, but we know what it did to their souls. We know what they have been thinking about. The story that takes shape in the course of the seven glimpses we have of their home, is one of the most absorbing stories imaginable because it is really no story at all, but merely two lives. No invention of the most adroit playwright can match in interest the warm, faithful transcription of a human creature's life—no matter how humdrum a creature may be selected. Mr. Myers never thought of that; happily for him. He fashioned his play as it lay in his mind, not realizing that he was doing an outrageous and impossible thing. In his dramatic illiteracy he flooded his work with the soft light of the utterly commonplace. His two people, in themselves, were negligible atoms from the steppes of Harlem. Their life together was so thoroughly unadventurous, so entirely unromantic that, on the stage, it paradoxically achieved what all adventure tales and all romances seek to achieve: it beguiled you into believing implicitly the fiction before you. And that after all is the purpose and justification—so often lost sight of—of the "realism" which the well-known younger generation of our litterateurs is reaching for.

If this story — this history — had been written out in a six hundred page novel we fail to see what further light could have been shed upon these two, or what gentler nuances could have been expressed. Their life story is all there. And curiously penetrating, astonishingly effective it is behind the stiff proscenium arch which Mr. Myers ignored. The moments of crisis —and there are many—gather their force imperceptibly, they emerge from deep down behind the scene out of a thousand things that are never said, but which we cannot fail to know about. How plastic, then, how fluid a play can be. After all, anything can be said on the stage; anything can be dramatized. And, to revert a moment to Shaw, this play, by an obscure college boy, provides another measure of the incompetence shown by the sage when he cast his deepest convictions in play form.

Though we admire "The First Fifty Years" we cannot help wishing that the author had waited a few years—at least forty-five—before writing it. Actual as it is, we sense vaguely behind it a guiding hand that is inclined to be arbitrary. It flows logically along, but it is the logic of youth, rather than the logic of life. Toward the end it grows a bit synthetic. Time wears away and heals and softens more completely than the play suggests. When the illusions of youth go, it is resignation that sets in as a substitute, not regret. The play might have been a broader comment on life, perhaps a truer one; but, as a piece of play writing, it could scarcely have been more deftly contrived. And it could scarcely have been conveyed over the footlights more delicately than it was by Clare Eames and Tom Powers.

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Still another example of how the conventions and traditions of the dramaturgeons may be turned wrong side out, stuffed into a pillow case and thrown out into the hall for the old clo' man, is presented by Mr. Cohan's "Madeleine and the Movies". The play itself is pretty weak stuff. But after Cohan gets through producing it (he himself wrote it, supposedly) you almost believe that you have seen something rather clever and funny. It is the most produced play of a dozen seasons. Cohan has done all that could possibly be done to make the thing stand up and walk. If anyone else had put it on the exits would have been dangerously clogged about midway of the first act.

Because it is such a bad play Mr. Cohan's display of first aid virtuosity is all the more impressive. It is as determined a case of forcible feeding as has been seen since "The Tavern". Indeed the Cohan magic, in the circumstances, is almost too good. Every known device is enlisted to stretch the scenes to their tautest, they are all played staccato; anticipation, suspense, is conjured out of thin air. The result is that there is constantly the implication that it all means more than it seems to mean; and the discovery that it doesn't mean anything ends the play on an unfulfilled promise. For in the end the last resort, the oxygen pump of the drama surgeon's equipment, is applied: we are told it has all been a scenario writer's dream.

However, in the light of the theme we have chosen for the afternoon's experience meeting, this play is important. It shows what can be accomplished by a wilful man who is unabashed by the stage's Ten Commandments. Cohan towers above his theatre. He sees his stage in miniature; his actors as little tin puppets, his audience as children. He throws his tiny stage into blackness or brilliance; swishes his little curtain up or down; shunts his puppets here and there, with the freedom of a spoiled boy playing with his toys. That is the impression given by a "Cohanized" play. There is nothing exact or rigid about the drama for Cohan; his proscenium is made of the most elastic rubber; he would probably undertake to put "The Origin of Species" on the stage and make them like it.

We hope that the editor of "The American Magazine", Bruce Barton, the board of directors of the Ad. Club, and every after dinner speaker we have listened to since the dry era set in, may see "To the Ladies!" Indeed we should like to see it printed and placed in the schools as a textbook which the oncoming generation of hustlers and live wires would be forced to study. This, not because it is a good play—it is not a model of play writing by any means—but be-

Louis Wolheim

The young lady who sat behind us at "The Hairy Ape" said that Mr. Wolheim had been caught and tamed in the wilds of Pago-Pago, Samoa, and imported especially to play his part. We go further than that, he was created to play it.

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cause it comprises one of the best antitoxins for 100% Americanism we have yet sampled. It is a funny play; but it is also a big play in that it applies the bright edge of satire to a few of the most popular idiocies which all good citizens are expected to exalt. It was written by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, and is quite as funny as their "Dulcy".

We went to Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape" with the highest hopes. Those who had read the manuscript declared that it was the promise fulfilled. We gathered that it was the dramatization of a state of mind. The eight scenes sought merely to visualize for the spectator the blurred mental pictures received by an illiterate stoker in conflict with vague social forces which he could not comprehend.

Splendid. No doubt (we thought) we should find in this play the ultimate example of the infinite adaptability of the drama as a medium of artistic expression. We saw the play; and in the din of hoarse shouts which accompanied each curtain fall, we felt very small and alone. We have never seen such a play on the stage, but have heard many of them read. Every unsung Percy MacKaye south of Fourteenth Street has a hairy ape play down in the bottom of the old trunk. If it had been called "Your First Play" and presented as burlesque at the annual outing of Professor Baker's Boys it would have been, as they themselves might say, a riot.

Even so it just misses being something very fine. O'Neill did have something pretty big to say. In conception it is a splendid adventure into the uncharted. In execution it is so bad that the net impression is that of a badly written editorial in the "Call". The dialog is clumsy, redundant, and painfully rhetorical. Each of the eight scenes has a single point to make. The point is usually made in the opening speech and the remainder of the scene, in each case, merely paraphrases and restates it. Whatever O'Neill may be trying to say, that is the most primitive, the most ineffective kind of play writing. Any play is bad which so patently fails to accomplish what it sets out to accomplish. The scenes, purposely vague and shadowy, do not convey the impression which O'Neill thought they might. They fall so far short of doing so that you can read anything you like into the play (in itself a proof of bad dramatizing); and we cannot escape the feeling that those who have so loyally acclaimed it as a masterpiece have put much more into it than O'Neill did. If you sit long enough before any cubistic decoration in a Greenwich Village coffee hell, you can easily convince yourself that it is an immortal work, far over the heads of the uptowners at the surrounding tables.

The best thing that can be said for "The Hairy Ape" is that it is apparently to become a "must" play for the culture groups, thereby giving the Provincetown Players a much deserved and long overdue success.

"The First Man", another O'Neill play, produced unobtrusively at the Neighborhood Playhouse, revives one's shaken faith in the author. In some ways it is as good as anything he has done. It is a powerful, well rounded story he tells here of a man who hacks his way through the thousand bonds which a small town and a large family seek to impose, and emerges strong and unshaken in his iconoclasm.

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SPRING ELECTIONS ON MOUNT OLYMPUS

Compiled by Nine American Critics and Edited by
Edward E. Paramore, Jr.

IN the April issue of "Vanity Fair", under the title "The New Order of Critical Values", there appears a kind of intellectual logarithm table in which some two hundred great figures of history in the fields of art, politics, philosophy, literature, science, and statesmanship, together with numerous representatives of purely American contemporary life, are subjected to critical evaluation by ten of our younger critics. The purpose of this chart, according to the editors, is "to orient the American public among the newer critical standards" espoused by the progressive wing of native criticism. The marking system, borrowed from the French Dadaists, who in turn borrowed it from the biometricians of modern biology and criminology, consists in assigning an absolute value to each name, ranging from +25, to indicate the highest praise, to —25, to indicate the most withering condemnation. A zero mark is understood to denote complete indifference. The list, drawn up alphabetically but carefully salted with names intended to be touchstones of critical judgment, has been cunningly devised by the editors (one of whom had the advantage of being one of the critics as well) to discover the opinions of the younger authorities on certain capital questions of historical and topical importance, which may be roughly classified as follows:

1. Classic art and philosophy.
2. The Middle Ages.
3. The Renaissance.
4. The nineteenth century.
5. Contemporary politics, national and international.
6. Labor and radicalism.
7. The war.
8. Modern movements in painting, music, and sculpture.
9. The new movement in American poetry and fiction.
10. American quackery and morality mongering: the "boob bumpers".
11. Popular recreation in America, as exemplified by the movies, baseball, prize-fighting, jazz, and the comic strip.

The results of this fantastic statistical inquiry, when averaged together, constitute an astonishing revelation of the advanced critical mind. Consider, for example, unconventional judgments such as these:

That Cézanne, Picasso, and Matisse are greater painters than Raphael, Giorgione, and Ingres.

That General Ludendorff is a greater man than Marshal Foch.

That Henry Ford is a more estimable person than Judge Gary.

That Woodrow Wilson is by 25% the superior of Theodore Roosevelt, but that both should be ranked on the minus side of the scale.

That Lenin is the world's greatest living statesman.

That Irving Berlin ranks above John Alden Carpenter, Arnold Schoenberg, and Edward MacDowell as a composer.

That Henry Cabot Lodge cuts a worse figure as a politician than William Jennings Bryan.

That Nietzsche is the greatest philosopher of all time.

That William Z. Foster is an abler

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labor leader than Samuel Gompers.

That St. Francis and St. Augustine are both superior to St. Paul.

Curiously enough, where art and letters alone are concerned—that is, the critic's real business as a specialist—the progressives appear to be as "sound" as any of the conservatives against whom they are accustomed to direct their fire. For all their sympathy with modern literary and æsthetic movements (not always very warm at that) they, for the most part, profess a passionate devotion to the classics, a profound appreciation of Renaissance culture, and hold the traditional degree of reverence for all the intellectual and artistic giants sanctified by the verdict of time. Nothing could be more respectable than their opinion as to who are the twelve greatest names on the list: Shakespeare, Bach, Beethoven, Nietzsche, Wagner, Leonardo, Charlie Chaplin, Flaubert, Aristotle, Plato, Anatole France, and Washington. Nietzsche is the only blot on the escutcheon and even he would probably be a much more respectable personage today if the war had not permitted the professional propagandists to caricaturize him as the father of a Bible for cutthroats.

While they are pretty much in agreement as to the past and its achievements, the younger critics begin to doubt and disagree as they approach the twentieth century. They are lukewarm toward the Victorian poets and novelists and skeptical of all the moderns except Sherwood Anderson and the painters Cézanne, Picasso, and Matisse. They do not, it appears, really think very highly of Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Floyd Dell, Scott Fitzgerald, Cabell, or Dos Passos, and their stern judgment of the American poets amounts almost to hostility.

Their attitude toward politics is one of complete disillusionment. A few deny any interest in the subject at all, and the rest evidently regard almost every living statesman as a fool or a knave. Even Lenin, whom they respect the most, receives a grand average of zero.

On the question of labor and radicalism, five of the critics are radicals, two are indifferent, one hostile, and two have marked the Red leaders in so contradictory a fashion that their attitude cannot be clearly deduced. But on the war, the critics are all of one mind. "Disloyalists" every one, there is not an imperialist in the group. They all look upon the war as an obscenity and a crime — even Mencken, who believes that a good war hallows every cause. Not only do they commend the two novelists who have most ruthlessly exposed it — Dos Passos and Barbusse (Latzko is not on the list)—but they are impervious to the Unknown Soldier as a spiritual symbol, and are even bold enough to rate Ludendorff several cuts above Foch.

As might be expected, they are unanimously opposed to that vast category of native gentlemen characterized by Mencken as the "boob bumpers". Among the blackest villains upon the whole list appear the names of Billy Sunday, John S. Sumner, Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. Frank Crane, and Henry van Dyke.

Collectively the younger critics are well disposed toward the popular forms of recreation and amusement. One or two have a prejudice against sport but in general they are free enough from intellectual snobbery frankly to enjoy the best things that lowbrowism can produce.

It is, perhaps, unfair to take the opinions of ten people, add them up

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and divide by ten, and then accuse the group of the result. As a critical Binet test, the individual answers are, of course, much more to the point. The most damaging self-portrait of the lot, intellectually (except for the fact that, as usual, he is probably playing the clown), is the ruthlessly honest mathematical confession of Heywood Broun, who is our foremost newspaper *arbiter elegantiarum vulgariarumque*. His answers reveal a meagreness of cultural equipment incredible in a man who with H. L. Mencken is a kind of literary godfather to the rising generation of American literati. He has marked fifty-four names zero, but these ciphers are distributed in such a manner that one cannot escape the conclusion that his "complete indifference" arises from complete ignorance. Deaf, dumb, and blind to both the treasures of classical antiquity and the exotic baubles of ultra modernism, he reveals himself as a typical product of liberal *fin de siècle* education, with a tolerant, well informed interest in modern politics, a sane appreciation of the best contemporary literature already respectablized by general critical acceptance, and a frank and robust enthusiasm for baseball, prize-fighting, the movies, buffoonery, and jazz. His pet hates (if antipathy in so kindly a man can rise to hatred) are Nicholas Murray Butler, Bishop Manning, John S. Sumner, Billy Sunday, and Hearst; his greatest admiration extends to such diverse creatures as Anatole France, Charlie Chaplin, Walt Whitman, Babe Ruth, Freud, Shakespeare, and Bernard Shaw, to whom he gives the highest rank of all.

Like Broun, Henry McBride, art critic of the New York "Sun", is a man of limited interests. His grand passion is the Renaissance and the modern painters, and he cares very little, it would seem, for modern literature. He comes nearer than anybody else to achieving a philosophic calm about the war, although he despises all our native statesmen except Woodrow Wilson to whom he gives +25. If anything he is a radical on the labor question, being an admirer of Lenin and Bertrand Russell, but impervious to all the American agitators and propagandists. It is in his favor, in common with the rest of the critics except Wright and Rosenfeld, that he is a good lowbrow, except in his unaccountable indifference to Ed Wynn.

H. L. Mencken comes out of the test a hardened Germanophile. His gods are Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Frederick the Great, Nietzsche, Goethe, Ludendorff, Wagner, Plato, Shakespeare, and Washington; his demons are, of course, all the politicians, moralists, altruists, and democrats. It is interesting to note that Mencken's forte is really not literary criticism at all, but ideas. Intellectual currents sifting through great personalities worry him, intrigue him, harass him to the point of becoming an obsession. And in this connection he has made one huge blunder. Both he and Nathan have marked Lenin —25 under the erroneous impression, apparently, that he is an uplifter and a democrat. As a matter of fact, bolshevism is the most powerful movement in the direction of Nietzsche's new order of rank in existence today, and Lenin is its brain. Mencken is still deceived by the Marxian terminology (the Marxian formulæ having perished with the bankruptcy of social democracy) which is only the court language of an aristocracy cut, in its final theoretical form, very much to Nietzsche's pattern. Another thing worth noting about Mencken, since it is typical of

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the group, is that what he detests about the uplifters is less the uplift itself than the hypocrisy, cant, and ineptitude of its popular prophets. Thus he respects men like Max Eastman and Herbert Croly for their sincerity and ability, just as he respects Hearst for his shameless cynicism.

Nathan's critical estimates are very much like Mencken's, although he is much more of an æsthete and has fewer enthusiasms. A man bored, skeptical, and blasé about almost everybody but Bach, Beethoven, Shakespeare, Goethe, Frederick the Great, and Sappho, his marks show how he hates a good deed shining in a naughty world.

Burton Rascoe's interests are purely æsthetic. He is probably the strongest champion of modern art and literature on the list, but the world of politics, labor, industry, and business leaves him cold.

Paul Rosenfeld, on the other hand, seems to have wider interests and a broader culture than any of the others. He is, in some respects, the best equipped of the lot. His judgments are never extravagant, and always in perspective, but he suffers from a temperamental aversion to lowbrowism which has reduced his sense of humor to the vanishing point. None of the athletes or comedians rate any higher than +1 with him.

One suspects, from the answers of Gilbert Seldes, that he is the victim of an acute occupational disease. He is a young man of considerable learning and an uncompromising critic, but prolonged contact with cuckoo pictures and cuckoo manuscripts in the "Dial" offices are evidently putting a terrific strain on his sanity. There is something abnormal about his conception of the most significant genius of the past three thousand years being expressed in Henry James, Nietzsche, Charlie Chaplin, and Krazy Kat, just as there is something heroic about his steadfast opposition to the new movement in American fiction and poetry.

Deems Taylor, musical critic of the "World", has marked his list in accordance with the critical attitude of the young intellectuals who contributed to "Civilization in the United States". With his cultural roots deep in the past, he is generous toward everything in American life that is hostile to its official version as expressed in the Republico-Democratic Party of stability and order, modern business and industry, cheap culture, and puritanism. This perhaps explains the fact that apart from his profession he seems the hottest radical of the group.

Edmund Wilson, Jr., is another typical representative of the new school in many respects. "Vanity Fair's" chart shows everywhere the error of supposing that the brilliant spirits of the rising generation of intellectuals are nihilists in matters of art. The New York "Times" "correct" reviewers and the standpat professors have simply mistaken open-mindedness and open encouragement for extremism. Nobody could observe a deeper allegiance to the classic tradition than Wilson, or be more meticulous in appraising the achievements of unseasoned talent. For every case in which this modern critical jury has acclaimed new genius, there are five where the members composing it have violently disagreed or returned a verdict of thumbs down. They may be radicals in politics and economic theory (where they are not, indeed. contemptuous of the whole business) but their literary and æsthetic creeds

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tally conservative. Even Willard Huntington Wright, the foremost critical exponent of non-representational painting, and in some ways the narrowest doctrinaire of the group, is found to be a downright reactionary with regard to every other manifestation of the modern spirit.

In deducing these opinions from the marks placed after the names by the critics, several modifying factors must be considered. The critic may give a +25 because he is in awe of the man's fame, or a mark of any value in order to conceal his ignorance. Again, in giving a zero, the critic may mean that he is indifferent, or that he has such contempt for the celebrity or the field in which he excels that the celebrity is, in his opinion, beneath critical notice. A zero in this case would be more opprobrious than a —25. (Nathan has done this many times.) Or, the critic may feel that the subject's virtues and shortcomings exactly cancel each other, as Sara Teasdale's technical proficiency might be conceived to be offset by the quality of her emotions, or Kipling's ability as a short story teller exactly balanced by his malignity as a militant imperialist. These factors, as well as many others equally imperceptible, render any sort of accuracy impossible, but do not impair the value of "Vanity Fair's" chart as an impressionistic portrait of the Left Wing in American art and letters.

THE BOOKMAN, therefore, has edited this "Vanity Fair" list of names and submitted it to another batch of critics, who, while representing sympathy with the liberal movements, might be called the "centre" of American critical opinion. An analysis of this chart will appear later.

THE PARTICIPANTS

ERNEST BOYD is on the staff of the "Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post". He is a recognized authority on Irish literature and is the author of two critical books on contemporary letters, which he views with the sympathy of a thoroughgoing modern.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, the editor of "The Literary Review", is the author of several books on education and literature, and is greatly in the debt of the rising generation for his enthusiastic championship of the young writers.

FLOYD DELL, an exponent of the realistic school of American fiction, and an avowed radical in morals and politics, is the author of "Moon-Calf" and "The Briary-Bush".

JOHN FARRAR is the editor of THE BOOKMAN.

LLEWELLYN JONES, the literary editor of the Chicago "Evening Post", is in full sympathy with the modern attitude toward literature, science, and social questions.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, for many years an authority on modern and classical drama, is the dramatic critic of "The Nation", and the author of "Up Stream".

JOHN MACY is the author of distinguished essays on literature and politics written from the modern point of view.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, a critic, poet, and parodist of distinction, has probably done more to secure recognition for the new movement in American poetry than any other man in the country.

CARL VAN DOREN, the literary editor of "The Nation" and author of "The American Novel", is one of the foremost literary critics in America.

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	Boyd	Canby	Dell	Farrar	Jones	Lewisohn	Macy	Untermeyer	Van Doren	Average
Aristotle	+15	+20	+16	+18	+20	+12	+15	+ 5	+22	+15.9
Aeschylus	+25	+22	− 1	+21	+25	+10	+15	+10	+20	+16.3
Sherwood Anderson	+20	+ 5	+ 3	+ 6	+19	+ 2	+ 1	+ 3	+10	+ 7.7
Buddha	0	+25	− 2	+24	+15	+12	0	+23	+10	+11.9
Bergson	−25	+15	− 2	+11	+10	+ 4	+ 5	0	0	+ 2.4
Brahms	+25	+18	0	+20	+20	+10	+ 3	+10	+10	+12.9
Bismarck	0	+10	0	+ 8	0	+ 5	− 5	0	−10	+ .9
Bach	+25	+20	0	+18	+20	+10	+25	+22	+20	+17.7
Beethoven	+25	+22	0	+21	+20	+20	+25	+25	+18	+19.6
Browning	+15	+18	+18	+10	+18	+ 5	+10	+ 5	0	+11.0
Balzac	+20	+19	+10	+11	+20	+ 3	+15	+10	+20	+15.3
Irving Berlin	0	+ 2	+ 8	+ 1	0	− 5	0	+ 1	0	+ .8
W. J. Bryan	−25	− 5	−10	−10	−25	−15	−25	0	−20	−15.0
Nicholas Murray Butler	−25	0	−20	0	−25	−10	−25	−25†	0	−14.4
Confucius	0	+20	− 2	+18	+20	+12	0	+ 5	+17	+10.0
Caesar	0	+12	+12	+ 8	0	+ 5	+ 5	0	+20	+ 6.9
Cézanne	+20	+ 5	+10	+ 3	+20	+ 0	+ 1	+ 2	+10	+ 7.9
Catullus	+25	+15	0	+15	+13	+12	+ 5	+12	+18	+12.8
Cabell	+25	+ 5	−10	+ 2	+10	+ 1	+ 1	+ 8	+18	+ 6.7
Joseph Conrad	0	+15	+14	+10	+25	+ 2	+25	+ 3	+ 5	+11.0
Charlie Chaplin	+25	+ 5	+ 5	+ 8	+ 8	0	+25	+ 5	+18	+11.0
Dr. Frank Crane	−25	− 5	−10	− 5	−20	− 2	−25	−10	−20	−13.5
Prof. John Dewey	0	+10	+16	+ 8	+15	+ 2	+ 1	+ 1	+15	+ 7.5
Debussy	+25	+ 6	0	+10	+20	+ 4	+ 5	+ 2	0	+ 8.0
Dante	+25	+23	+16	+23	+20	+17	+25	+15	+10	+19.3
Floyd Dell	+10	+ 1	+ 3	+ 3	+25	+ 2	+ 1	+ 1	+10	+ 6.2
Dreiser	+20	+ 3	+ 5	+ 4	+15	+ 4	+ 1	+ 1	+12	+ 9.2
Dickens	+20	+17	+10	+12	+20	+ 5	+15	+13	+12	+13.8
Dos Passos	+10	+ 4	+ 3	+ 3	+20	+ 1	+ 1	+ 1	+ 5	+ 5.3
Debs	0	+10	+12	+ 8	+25	+ 3	+ 5	+15	+15	+10.3
Havelock Ellis	+20	+ 1	+16	+ 1	+25	+ 5	+ 5	+ 4	+15	+10.2
Henry Ford	0	+ 5	−15	+ 5	0	−15	0	0	−15	− 2.9
Marshal Foch	0	+12	0	+ 8	+ 1	−25	0	0	0	− .4
Anatole France	+25	+17	+18	+10	+25	+10	+10	+ 9	+22	+16.2
F. Scott Fitzgerald	0	+ 1	+ 1	+ 1	+ 3	+½	0	0	+ 5	+ 1.3
Flaubert	+25	+12	+14	+ 8	+20	+10	+15	+ 2	+15	+13.4
Fielding	+15	+18	+18	+15	+20	+12	+15	+ 6	+20	+15.4
Sigmund Freud	0	+10	+25	+10	+25	+15	+ 5	+ 2	+ 5	+10.8
Judge Gary	0	0	−15	0	−25	0	−25	− 6	−20	−10.0
Lloyd George	0	+ 7	−10	+ 5	−25	− 5	−25	0	−20	− 8.1
Goethe	+25	+20	+18	+18	+25	+25	+15	+15	+22	+20.3
Harding	0	+ 1	0	+ 1	0	− 1	−25	0	−15	− 4.3
Henri	+15	0	0	+ 3	+12	+ 2	0	†	+10	+ 4.7
Hearst	0	−25	−20	−25	−25	0	0	−20	−25	−15.6
Ingres	+15	0	0	+ 5	0	0	0	+ 2	0	+ 2.4
Ibsen	+25	+10	+20	+10	+20	+15	+15	+ 8	+15	+15.3
Ibanez	−25	+ 3	−10	+ 1	−10	− 2	+ 1	− 5	−15	− 6.9
Henry James	+10	+12	− 5	+10	+20	+ 7	+10	+ 5	+12	+ 9.0
William James	0	+10	+16	+12	+22	+ 7	+10	+ 4	+15	+10.7
James Joyce	+25	+ 4	− 5	+ 4	+14	+ 2	+ 1	+ 2	+10	+ 6.3
Omar Khayyam	0	+10	+ 8	+ 8	+ 1	+ 5	+10	+ 3	+15	+ 6.6
Kant	+25	+17	0	+15	+17	+12	+ 5	0	+ 5	+10.6
Kipling	0	+15	+ 8	+12	−25	+ 3	+ 5	+ 2	−10	+ 1.1
Kropotkin	0	+ 5	+16	+ 2	+25	+ 7	+ 1	+ 2	+ 5	+ 7.0
Krazy Kat	0	+ 1	+ 1	+ 1	−25	0	+25	+ 1	− 5	− .1
Leonardo	+25	+18	+18	+18	+15	+ 5	+10	+12	+25	+17.3
Lincoln	0	+22	+12	+24	+25	+10	+20	+21	+25	+17.7
Lenin	0	+ 5	+25	+ 5	+15	+ 7	+20	+ 7	+15	+11.0
Ludendorff	0	− 5	0	+ 1	0	−25	−10	0	−15	− 6.0
Amy Lowell	0	+ 5	−10	+ 4	0	+ 1	−10	+ 2	+ 5	− .3

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	Boyd	Canby	Dell	Farrar	Jones	Lewisohn	Macy	Untermeyer	Van Doren	Average
Longfellow	0	+ 7	−10	+ 2	+ 1	+ 2	+ 1	+ 2	0	+ .6
Sinclair Lewis	+10	+ 2	+ 3	+ 2	+17	+ 2	+ 1	+ 1	+10	+ 5.3
Ring Lardner	0	+ 4	+ 3	+ 2	+12	0	+ 1	+ 1	+12	+ 3.9
Mahomet	0	+10	−15	+10	+ 6	+ 8	0	+ 3	+ 2	+ 2.9
Marat	0	0	+12	0	0	0	+ 5	0	− 6	+ 1.2
Metternich	0	− 4	−25	− 8	0	0	−10	0	−15	− 6.9
Paul Elmer More	−25	+ 2	+ 2	+ 1	−25	+ 3	−25	−22	0	− 9.9
MacDowell	+10	+ 2	0	+ 1	+15	+ 5	+ 1	+½	+10	+ 5.0
Paul Manship	+10	0	+ 5	+ 3	+15	0	0	+ 1	+10	+ 4.9
Matisse	+20	+ 1	− 1	+ 2	+20	0	0	+ 1	+ 5	+ 5.3
Molière	+25	+15	+18	+10	+20	+12	+15	+14	+22	+16.8
Milton	+25	+19	+18	+18	+25	+20	+15	+11	+24	+19.4
Masefield	0	+15	+ 5	+12	+20	+ 3	+ 5	+ 3	+10	+ 8.1
Meredith	+25	+ 8	+14	+10	+15	+ 4	+15	+ 5	+10	+11.8
Marx	0	+ 5	+25	+ 5	+20	+10	+10	+ 3	− 5	+ 8.1
Bishop Manning	0	0	0	0	−25	− 5	0	0	−15	− 5.0
Mencken	+25	+ 5	+ 2	+ 5	+18	+ 3	+ 1	+ 4	+15	+ 8.7
Nietzsche	+25	+ 7	+16	+ 6	+23	+15	+10	+ 7	+10	+13.2
Napoleon	0	+10	−15	+ 7	+10	−10	+ 5	−20	+10	− .3
Eugene O'Neill	+20	+ 7	+ 3	+10	+20	+ 1	+ 1	+ 3	+10	+ 8.4
George Jean Nathan	+25	0	+ 2	+ 1	+12	+ 1	0	+ 2	+ 5	+ 5.3
Ornstein	+15	+ 8	0	+ 1	0	0	0	0	+10	+ 3.8
Pater	0	+ 7	+14	+ 5	+22	+ 5	+ 5	+ 4	+15	+ 8.6
Plato	+20	+23	+16	+20	+20	+15	+15	+12	+20	+17.9
Rodin	+20	+10	+18	+10	+15	+10	+ 5	+ 6	+15	+12.1
Roosevelt	0	+15	−10	+15	−20	− 5	−25	+ 2	−15	− 4.8
Raphael	+20	+17	0	+18	0	+ 5	+ 5	+20	+20	+11.7
Rousseau	+20	+10	+16	+10	+25	+ 7	+ 5	+17	+ 5	+12.8
Rabelais	+25	+10	− 1	+10	+25	+ 7	+15	+21	+20	+14.7
Babe Ruth	0	0	0	+15	0	0	0	——	0	+ 1.7
St. Paul	0	+23	− 2	+20	0	− 5	0	− 2	−25	+ 1.0
Stravinsky	+15	0	0	+ 1	0	+ 3	+ 2	+ 3	+10	+ 3.8
Sophocles	+25	+23	− 1	+20	+25	+12	+15	+10	+22	+16.8
Schoenberg	0	0	0	0	0	0	+ 2	+ 1	+ 5	+ .9
Shakespeare	+25	+23	+20	+20	+25	+25	+15	+24	+25	+22.4
Bernard Shaw	+25	+17	+20	+15	+18	+15	+10	+12	+22	+17.1
Carl Sandburg	+20	+ 9	+ 5	+ 4	+23	+ 1	+ 1	+ 5	+15	+ 9.2
Margaret Sanger	0	0	+12	0	+25	+ 2	+ 1	+ 1	+15	+ 6.2
John Siddall	0	0	−10	0	0	0	0	0	0	− 1.1
John S. Sumner	−25	0	−20	0	−25	−15	0	−24	−20	−14.3
Billy Sunday	−25	−10	−20	−25	−25	−10	−25	−25	−25	−21.1
The Unknown Soldier	0	——	0	±20	0	0	0	0	0	± 2.2
Tennyson	0	+12	+ 8	+ 6	+12	+ 7	+10	+ 2	0	+ 6.3
Tagore	0	+ 7	−10	+ 1	+20	0	+ 1	0	−20	− .1
Tolstoy	+10	+18	+20	+15	*	+10	+15	+ 7	+22	+13.0
Louis Untermeyer	+15	+ 3	+ 3	+ 3	+17	+ 1	0	——	0	+ 4.7
Virgil	0	+17	0	+18	+20	+10	+15	+12	+18	+12.2
Vanity Fair	+15	——	+ 1	——	0	+ 2	0	0	+ 5	+ 2.6
Voltaire	+25	+15	+16	+15	+23	+ 8	+10	+20	+20	+16.6
Woodrow Wilson	−25	+15	−25	+ 8	− 5	+ 2	−25	0	−10	− 7.2
Wordsworth	0	+13	+14	+10	+15	+ 7	+10	5	+17	+10.1
Oscar Wilde	0	+ 9	+ 8	+ 5	+ 5	+ 5	+ 1	0	+ 5	+ 4.2
Ed Wynn	0	0	0	+ 1	0	0	0	0	0	+ .1
H. G. Wells	0	+10	+20	+10	+15	+ 3	+ 1	+ 8	+15	+ 9.1
Edith Wharton	+20	+ 9	+ 5	+ 8	+20	+ 3	+ 5	+ 2	+18	+10.0
Washington	0	+17	0	+ 8	+10	+10	−10	+ 4	+20	+ 6.6
Wagner	+25	+16	− 1	+18	+20	+15	+15	+16	+ 5	+14.3
Walt Whitman	+20	+14	+20	+15	+20	+15	+15	+15	+20	+17.1
Yeats	+25	+ 9	+14	+10	+25	+ 5	+10	+ 8	+ 5	+12.3

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The twelve highest averages are as follows: Shakespeare, +22.4; Beethoven, +19.6; Milton, +19.4; Dante, +19.3; Plato, +17.9; Bach, +17.7; Lincoln, +17.7; Leonardo, +17.3; Bernard Shaw, +17.1; Walt Whitman, +17.1; Molière, +16.8; Sophocles, +16.8.

The twelve lowest averages are: Billy Sunday, —21.1; Hearst, —15.6; Bryan, —15; Nicholas Murray Butler, —14.4; John S. Sumner, —14.3; Dr. Frank Crane, —13.5; Judge Gary, —10; Paul Elmer More, —9.9; Lloyd George, —8.1; Woodrow Wilson, —7.2; Ibanez, —6.9; Metternich, —6.9.

Floyd Dell, in making his return, added the following names to his list: Willa Cather, +5; Dostoyevsky, +18; Euripides, +18; Sheila Kaye-Smith, +10; Edna St. Vincent Millay, +14; Stendhal, +18.

Llewellyn Jones added Bertrand Russell, +25 and Benedetto Croce, +25.

John Macy's additions to the list are Swinburne, +15; Swift, +15; Shelly, +15; Keats, +15; and Alfred Noyes, —25.

*Llewellyn Jones marked Tolstoy +20 as an artist but —25 as a philosopher.

†Louis Untermeyer broke the rules by marking Nicholas Murray Butler —26, adding the words *hic jacet* to indicate that this is the verdict of eternity. He also wants to know if by Henri we mean the head waiter at Montmartre. He ought to know by this time that the name of the Tsar of Montmartre is Charlie.

WORDS TO SLEEP UPON

By Leonora Speyer

THERE are words that wait
With the night,
Soft as a pillow
And white;
Cool as a rose in the rain,
Deep as disdain.

My pillow is smooth
To my face,
And its words are like
Whispering lace;
Made of a wingèd design,
That is fancy of mine.

But under my pillow
I hide
A song, with a singing
Inside;
Like a locket that hangs on a chain
Of finely-wrought pain.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of the new fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", and "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

"Sleeping Fires" by Gertrude Atherton (Stokes). An old-fashioned melodrama of San Francisco and New York.

* "The Fair Rewards" by Thomas Beer (Knopf). A theatrical manager of old New York as hero in an interesting story. *(See page 304).*

"The Ways of Laughter" by Harold Begbie (Putnam). The somewhat conventional story of a whimsical puttering bachelor.

* "Mr. Prohack" by Arnold Bennett (Doran). Mr. Bennett, in an idle mood, gets a great deal of amusing 1922 worldly wisdom into a novel of the new rich.

"Salt Lake" by Pierre Benoit (Knopf). A nightmare of Mormon life written with an eye on the movies.

"The Prisoners of Hartling" by J. D. Beresford (Macmillan). A novel situation, normal love, and a delightful finish.

"The Idol of Paris" by Sarah Bernhardt (Macaulay). Theatrical Paris. Of course, it cannot hurt Bernhardt's reputation as an actress.

* "The Soul of a Child" by Edwin Björkman (Knopf). A fine, frank piece of child psychology. How has anyone the courage to have an adolescent son?

"Van Zanten's Happy Days" by Laurids Bruun (Knopf). A sketch of South Sea life that is both vivid and intimate — blatantly so.

"The Head of the House of Coombe" by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Stokes). A quiet story of exceedingly well bred Londoners as seen by an Americanized Englishwoman.

"Master of Man" by Hall Caine (Lippincott). A readable book of trash concerning "the eternal forces of life".

"Mendoza and a Little Lady" by William Caine (Putnam). Lilting humor about London's Greenwich Village.

* "The Brimming Cup" by Dorothy Canfield (Harcourt, Brace). A discontented woman's temptation related in a small town background by this expert story teller.

"The Hands of Nara" by Richard Washburn Child (Dutton). An absorbing and dramatic story. Psychic in a perfectly legitimate way.

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"To Him that Hath" by Ralph Connor (Doran). Moralizing about industrialism. Strenuously optimistic, laboriously sane.

"The Flaming Forest" by James Oliver Curwood (Cosmopolitan). Colorful action in a carefully hand painted Canadian scenic design.

"Humbug" by E. M. Delafield (Macmillan). This book should be read by all parents to show them one of the many ways not to bring up children.

"Explorers of the Dawn" by Mazo de la Roche (Knopf). Utterly delightful adventures of three vaguely impossible small boys.

"The Obstacle Race" by Ethel M. Dell (Putnam). Saccharine romance with some sugar.

* "The Briary-Bush" by Floyd Dell (Knopf). Felix Fay, in the bonds of matrimony, finds them occasionally irksome.

* "Three Soldiers" by John Dos Passos (Doran). Three malcontents in a vivid war setting.

* "The Girls" by Edna Ferber (Doubleday). Three generations of Chicago femininity presented entertainingly without reek of stockyards.

"The Beautiful and Damned" by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner). Mr. Fitzgerald finds marriage disillusioning and cocktails tepid. *(See page 305).*

"Rahab" by Waldo Frank (Boni, Liveright). Sentences and punctuation strongly urged toward insanity by sex emotion.

"The Widow's Cruse" by Hamilton Fyfe (Seltzer). A woman loves her husband more after he dies, with humorous frills furnishing the unusual part of the story.

* "The Forsyte Saga" by John Galsworthy (Scribner). "The Man of Property", "In Chancery", and "To Let" put into a single volume.

"The Everlasting Whisper" by Jackson Gregory (Scribner). The breaking of a spoiled child of luxury in western paths!

"To the Last Man" by Zane Grey (Harper). A feud, with red blood, morals, and sentiment.

"Guest the One-Eyed" by Gunnar Gunnarsson (Knopf). A strong and simple picture of the Iceland of today.

* "Wanderers" by Knut Hamsun (Knopf). In two parts whose names give the keynote: "Under the Autumn Star" and "A Wanderer Plays on Muted Strings". Gentle, wistfully reminiscent.

"Saint Teresa" by Henry Sydnor Harrison (Houghton Mifflin). Lengthy proof that there ain't no such critter as The Woman Who Hates Love.

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* "Maria Chapdelaine" by Louis Hémon (Macmillan). An exquisitely told idyl of French-Canadian life.

"The Inheritance of Jean Trouvé" by Nevil Henshaw (Bobbs-Merrill). An agreeable and carefully written book showing that our most important legacies are those not mentioned in wills.

"Cytherea" by Joseph Hergesheimer (Knopf). What most women think their husbands are. Underdone Freud and super-Robert W. Chambers. Will add to the pocketbook but not the reputation of the author of "The Three Black Pennys".

"She Blows! And Sparm at That" by William John Hopkins (Houghton Mifflin). If brook trout make good stories, think what can be done with a whale! And this book does it.

"The Sheik" by E. M. Hull (Small, Maynard). Cave man appeal for bridge playing ladies.

"The Vertical City" by Fannie Hurst (Harper). Six morbid stories about some of the unpleasant phases of New York life.

"Coomer Ali" by S. B. H. Hurst (Harper). Pirates! Romance! An eastern adventure story of some appeal.

* "If Winter Comes" by A. S. M. Hutchinson (Little, Brown). Mr. Hutchinson's brilliant achievement, somewhat in the manner of Charles Dickens.

"Chanting Wheels" by Hubbard Hutchinson (Putnam). This has moments! A novel of music and machinery that is young and a bit self-conscious but virile and intensely American.

* "Crome Yellow" by Aldous Huxley (Doran). Delightful writing and a whimsical story for all those who like the unusual in fiction.

"The Bracegirdle" by Burris Jenkins (Lippincott). Irresistible to all who enjoy the glamour of youth, and the stage and the crossing of swords.

* "Silver Cross" by Mary Johnston (Little, Brown). A spirited story of feud and faith when Henry VII reigned in England.

"Simon Called Peter" by Robert Keable (Dutton). Good writing here acts as a shock absorber.

"Conflict" by Clarence Budington Kelland (Harper). Good plot with plenty of action and a full dozen assorted thrills.

"The Pride of Palomar" by Peter B. Kyne (Cosmopolitan). A story of diligence and virtue rewarded. Regulation success pattern.

* "The Outcast" by Selma Lagerlöf (Doubleday, Page). A fine book on a fine theme but far behind "Gösta Berling".

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"Shepherd's Warning" by Eric Leadbitter (Jacobs). Distinctive writing by a young Thomas Hardy.

* "Main Street" by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace). The American small town seen through the eyes of Mr. Lewis, who is traveling in Europe on the fruits of his widely read critique.

"The Backsliders" by William Lindsey (Houghton Mifflin). A sweet little book of the Pollyanna school of fiction, with the "Scarlet Letter" theme shaded pink.

"Shepherds of the Wild" by Edison Marshall (Little, Brown). A bit better than most wild west tales.

"One Man's View" by Leonard Merrick (Dutton). Merrick has made a commonplace triangle into a literary star.

* "Oh, Susanna!" by Meade Minnigerode (Putnam). A glorious rollicking yarn of adventure on the seas about eighty years ago.

"Patchwork" by Beverly Nichols (Holt). Twenty year old idealism loses its eyes and then finds its sight in the brambles of postwar Oxford.

"Brass" by Charles G. Norris (Dutton). Kathleen Norris's husband writes of marriage as one man sees it. He is not, he assures the public, his own hero.

"Lucretia Lombard" by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Page). Not bad at all but like a million others.

"The Best Short Stories of 1921" edited by Edward J. O'Brien (Small, Maynard). A selection which displays this notably gloomy taste at its best.

"One Woman" by Alfred Ollivant (Doubleday, Page). Mildly interesting, but it takes more than one woman to stir up enthusiasm for English prewar labor conditions now.

"The Great Prince Shan" by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown). Best seller diplomacy with the bogey wearing a mandarin coat.

"Kimono" by John Paris (Boni, Liveright). Japan served *à la* Babylonia, followed by a poorly seasoned happy-ever-after.

* "Nêne" by Ernest Pérochon (Doran). The soul of a French peasant girl in a book that is mysteriously beautiful and poignant. The Goncourt prize winner for 1920.

"Her Father's Daughter" by Gene Stratton-Porter (Doubleday, Page). For those who love California and nature, but not the Japanese.

"An Ordeal of Honor" by Anthony Pryde (McBride). A fairly well written study of the English middle class.

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* "Vandemark's Folly" by Herbert Quick (Bobbs-Merrill). The well told autobiography of Jake Vandemark through the colonization period in the middle west.

* "Scaramouche" by Rafael Sabatini (Houghton Mifflin). A French Revolution costume novel of much dash and brilliance.

"The Doom Trail" by Arthur D. Howden Smith (Brentano). Incessant stilted dialogue, broken only by surprise action, with Indians thrown in.

"Dancers in the Dark" by Dorothy Speare (Doran). Jazz, cocktails, and the amusing lines of those naughty young people wrapped round sweet sixteen's idea of a lovely love story.

* "Birthright" by T. S. Stribling (Century). An interesting propaganda novel with a negro hero. *(See page 300).*

"Fresh Every Hour" by John Peter Toohey (Boni, Liveright). A snappy yarn with the press agent at stage centre. Not literature, perhaps, but mighty good reading.

"The Tribal God" by Herbert Tremaine (Doubleday, Page). A rather unpleasant study of English snobbery.

* "The Road to the World" by Webb Waldron (Century). Another story of a boy growing up, with spots of fine writing.

"The Young Enchanted" by Hugh Walpole (Doran). An attempt to find romance in the drabness of postwar England.

"The Lonely Warrior" by Claude C. Washburn (Harcourt, Brace). A wartime study that misses fire. *(See page 305).*

"The House of Rimmon" by Mary S. Watts (Macmillan). A well handled description of a young author's battle for his ideals.

"Sacrifice" by Stephen French Whitman (Appleton). The only reason that this is not a dime novel is that you cannot buy it for a dime.

"The Body in the Blue Room" by Sidney Williams (Penn). The literary editor of the Philadelphia "North American" indulges in a spree and affords thrilling entertainment.

"Helen of the Old House" by Harold Bell Wright (Appleton). Another sincere attempt to be read by those who wish to be uplifted.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Letters and More Letters

GEORGE SAINTSBURY has presented in fascinating manner the history of letters in his "A Letter Book" (Harcourt, Brace). Not only does he give "The History and the Art of Letter Writing" as his introduction; but his selection of bits of correspondence from Greeks to R. L. S., and his comments on the writers, constitutes a sort of tabloid history of civilization in chatty, conversational form. From his selection of early mediæval letters on, he confines himself to Englishmen. Even so, he is successful in giving a fairly panoramic cross section of the intimate moments of mankind. His comments, both on character and literary merit, are broad and occasionally amusing. This business of prying into the personal affairs of the great by the reading of old letters, while it is considered by many not to be precisely polite, nevertheless is a game in which most of us, sooner or later, indulge. Two things amused me particularly. There is a letter from Jane Carlyle to Mrs. Walsh, dated Chelsea: Sept. 5, 1836, and it is not the content that entertains me always in these letters of the Carlyles but the similarity in style. Like whom does this vivid bit by Mrs. Carlyle most sound?

> Without my bonnet, my hair hanging down my back, my face half dried, and the towel, with which I was drying it, firm grasped in my hand, I dashed out — along, down, opening wrong doors, stumbling over steps, cursing the day I was born, still more the day on which I took a notion to travel, and arrived finally at the bar of the Inn, in a state of excitement bordering on lunacy. The barmaids looked at me "with wonder and amazement". "Is the coach gone?" I gasped out. "The coach? Yes!" "Oh! and you have let it away without me! Oh! stop it, cannot you stop it?" and out I rushed into the street, with streaming hair and streaming towel, and almost brained myself against — the Mail! which was standing there in all stillness, without so much as a horse in it! What I had heard was a heavy coach. And now, having descended like a maniac, I ascended again like a fool, and dried the other half of my face, and put on my bonnet, and came back "a sadder and a wiser woman".

Then, there is a paragraph I should like to quote, from a letter of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield, to his son. It amuses me for purely local reasons. I commend it to you for what you may chance to find in it:

> You know, by experience, that I grudge no expense in your education, but I will positively not keep you a flapper. You may read, in Dr. Swift, the description of these flappers, and the use they were of to your friends the Laputans; whose minds (Gulliver says) are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those people who are able to afford it, always keep a flapper in their family, as one of their domestics, nor ever walk about or make visits without him. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and, upon occasion, to give a soft flap upon his eyes; because he is always so wrapt up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post, and, in the streets, of jostling others, or being jostled into the kennel himself. If *Christian* will undertake this province into the bargain, with all my heart; but I will not allow him any increase of wages upon that score.

Following on Saintsbury's book come the two new volumes of Lord Byron's correspondence. These are edited by John Murray and afford

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such spicy reading as is not to be equaled by any of the recent and revealing memoirs. On the whole, I think, we finish reading these letters with a certain feeling of regret for Byron, regret of a strange sort. He was a brutally attractive person, who made no pretenses to goodness. There is nothing to admire and much to deplore in this moral bravado.

There is something that is worth reading besides scandal in this correspondence. The letters are, for the most part, to Lady Melbourne and Hobhouse. What an almost feminine interest in the details of intrigue the author of "The Corsair" had! To me, however, the most interesting letters in the collection were those written by Shelley, though his epistolary style is neither so vivid nor so entertaining as Byron's. Most of the Shelley letters are written concerning the child, Allegra; but there is one containing literary advice, which is fascinating indeed!

> It is not that I should counsel you to aspire to fame. The motive to your labours ought to be more pure, and simple. You ought to desire no more than to express your own thoughts; to address yourself to the sympathy of those who might think with you. Fame will follow those whom it is unworthy to lead. I would not that you should immediately apply yourself to the composition of an Epic Poem; or to whatever other work you should collect all your being to consummate. I would not that the natural train of your progress should be interrupted; or any step of it anticipated. I delight in much of what you have already done. I hope for much more, in the same careless spirit of ardent sentiment. I hope for no more than that you should, from some moment when the clearness of your own mind makes evident to you the "truth of things", feel that you are chosen out from all other men to some greater enterprise of thought; and that all your studies should, from that moment, tend towards that enterprise alone: that your affections, that all worldly hopes this world may have left you, should link themselves to this design. *What* it should be, I am not qualified to say. In a more presumptuous mood, I recommended the Revolution of France as a theme involving pictures of all that is best qualified to interest and to instruct mankind. But it is inconsistent with the spirit in which you ought to devote yourself to so great a destiny, that you should make use of any understanding but your own — much less mine.

In Defense of the Tuft Hunter

CHAUNCEY B. TINKER'S "Young Boswell" (Atlantic) is so able a piece of portraiture that after you've used your superlatives in calling it the most *this* piece of biography and the most *that* piece of biography you'll be at a loss to know what to say. Here this entertaining Boswell chap becomes alarmingly like a modern literary tuft hunter. I can think of at least one Boswell in the neighborhood of Forty-Fourth Street, New York City. Doubtless there's at least one in every sizable village across the land. Tinker likes Boswell. He makes you like him, moreover. It is vastly entertaining to see the young Scotchman pursuing Rousseau and Voltaire, exciting too. Why! Boswell was nothing more or less than a perfect modern reporter. He was a masculine sob sister, and a mighty clever one. His admirable interviewing methods should be copied by all aspiring to cull the minds of the great and the near-great. I like Tinker's explanation of his temperament:

> We should all do well, I think, to rid our minds of the familiar conception of Boswell as lost in an ecstasy of hero-worship and breathless with adulation; and to think of him, rather, as getting from his association with his elders a double portion of life, enjoying the fruits of experience without sacrificing the avidity of youth. He was, as it were, buying experience in the cheapest market; and to him a full and rich experience of life was the summum bonum.
>
> Because of this desire for a varied experience, he was ever, when with older men, putting himself in an attitude not so much

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of worship as of inquiry. What did the actual experience of life have to say in answer to the thousand questions that crowded his eager, restless mind? If his elders had attained serenity, it must have been by finding some answer to these thousand disturbing questions. If not, whence rose their peace of mind? This Boswell habitually teased Johnson on the subject of the freedom of the will, not, I think, because he conceived of him as a greater philosopher than any who had ever touched on the subject, but because, seeing Johnson's comparative mastery of the business of living, he was most desirous of knowing what solution of the problem had appealed to him as acceptable. If one could actually extract from association with his elders a body of philosophy, tested by personal experience and illustrated by personal anecdote, what an education it would be!

The So-Called Great American Novel

HERE is another novel that has been hailed by certain critics as "great". Well, well! "Birthright" (Century) is a readable story with a negro hero. It has a plot. The background is fairly accurate; but, according to the best of my belief and investigation, the race psychology is faulty. Its author, T. S. Stribling, writes with a sense of drama and a miserable style. He uses words like bludgeons. "Hobbledehoy" sticks out unreasonably from these pages. It is simply another problem novel which vividly if inaccurately presents another problem. To resort to such a piece of hokum irony as that on pages 64 and 65, where the gentleman who figuratively kicks the American negro in the face, in the next breath sends two large bills (mind you not a check!) to African missions, is a trifle strong for "the great American novel".

This is a story of Peter Siver, who, having been graduated from Harvard, returns to his native south with its insistence on color. His fight against conditions there and his bitter disillusionment might have been told with great pathos and high skill. The theme is one for a Sophocles. It should have been handled with a scalpel instead of a trowel. However, fortunately for Mr. Stribling and his propaganda, most of us prefer a trowel.

One Way to Use a Husband

SPRING is here. Last year at this time on a certain Sunday I took a trip with Jim Wilkinson and his wife. Such a meal as they cooked us in the woods. This spring, as I read "The Dingbat of Arcady" (Macmillan) I find just how it was that they learned to take such trips, and I am disappointed and a little angry that they foisted lamb chops on us, when they should have given us "Lucky Stew". In order to concoct this:

Put anything you like in a very deep pail
And pour on anything you please;
Stir it all up with anything you find
Under the anywhere trees.

If anybody comes, asking for dinner,
Serve it with anything you wish;
But never, never, never, never, never forget
To put a four-leaved clover in the dish.

At any rate, Mrs. Wilkinson's breezy account of adventures down an Oregon river in a dilapidated rowboat, of days on beaches and nights in woods, of Ford journeys in New York State and motorcycle journeys in England, is one of the freshest travel books I've ever read. I don't recommend it to those who have forgotten that they ever liked to tramp the woods and fields. It is filled with the gospel of out of door living, which Mrs. Wilkinson has expressed with simplicity and not too much lyricism.

J. F.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

THE TECHNIQUE OF MAGIC

By Louis Untermeyer

CULTURE is a fruit that, obeying the laws of pomology, has its own progressive three R's: raw, ripe, rotten. Here in These States, our literature has advanced only a little beyond the first stage; dominated by the American scene, the best of our writers still respond to the pioneering spirit of revolt and reaction, of brazen or tentative experiment, of new colors in language and locality. England has progressed somewhat further; in the work of the precious Huxley-Sitwells at one extreme and the precise Georgians at the other, one detects a richness that is a little more than ripe. This circumstance scarcely calls for the recent funeral marches which have been lustily performed in this country on a number of youthful brass bands. Decay has a delicacy and bloom of its own; the nuances of twilight are no less subtle than those of dawn, and dusk has always been notable for its hospitality to magic. The Englishmen of our days are, naturally enough, better magicians than we are. What is more, they have mastered a vocabulary of talismans; they have specialized in verbal abracadabras that impress us almost as much as the apparition which they do not always evoke. Even when they fail to summon the vision, they know how to simulate its aspect—even its accents; theirs is an enviable control of the technique if not the secret of magic.

Walter de la Mare is the Imperial Wizard of this association of poetic sorcerers. He is the most profound as well as the most prolific exponent of their art. Latterly, his very fertility has lessened his power; in "The Veil" as in the preceding "Motley", the creeping, moon-soaked mystery of "The Listeners" often reveals its apparatus; his supernatural whispers frequently betray the properties that produced them. Sometimes one is arrested only by the technique of legerdemain. But even de la Mare's motions and gestures of invocation in his latest volume have their individual grace. Ghostly loveliness lurks in "The Old Angler"; evanescence is caught for us in the almost impalpable music of "The Moth", "The Unfinished Dream", and "Maerchen"; a new, not too softened light plays over the realistic surfaces of "Drugged", "The Suicide", and that magnificent etching "In the Dock". This collection is enriched by seven subtly wrought poems which were written to accompany drawings by the amazing child-artist Pamela Bianco, originally published in the little known "Flora". The inclusion of lesser verses makes it difficult to understand why de la Mare should have omitted far more imaginative lines from this charming exercise in collaboration of a child who has the intensity of a great poet with a poet who possesses the direct vision of a child. One speculates upon what imp of choice or circumstance determined the author to exclude the fantastic "Sephina" and the whimsically galloping "Suppose". And one is likely to conclude that de la Mare has come to rely upon his familiar spirit

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rather than an unfamiliar critical sense: he is allowing too much of his poetry to write itself. And here he is in danger. For when a creator has perfected an idiom he must beware the pitfalls of style. It is a tragic irony to escape the *clichés* of other men only to become a slave to your own technique.

John Drinkwater reveals in his latest offering ("Seeds of Time") kinship with de la Mare in one thing besides his nationality—he is equally uncritical. But where in de la Mare the lame verses are the exceptions, in Drinkwater's book the limping lines are the rule. For magic, Drinkwater substitutes melodious moralizing; instead of introspection, he gives us inversions. A few poems like "Portia's Housekeeping" and "Malediction" penetrate the pink mists that are rolled over them by this Georgian's rhetoric. There are gleams in many of his pages, but they have not the glow of the true metal. Drinkwater is—if I may extend a not too original figure—a miner who, disdaining to trust himself in the depths, tries his luck in the shallow streams on the surface. One sees him dipping his pan in the poetic pebbles, washing over a much-sieved sand. At the end of his labors he has found scarcely a grain of the precious metal, but he dare not come back without something glittering and impressive. So here, in its attractive setting, he presents us with a lot of shining gravel. At least—in a certain light, at the proper distance—it looks like gold.

The Veil. By Walter de la Mare. Henry Holt and Co.

Seeds of Time. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Co.

EXPLAINING FREUD

By Ruth Hale

THE problem of our psychoanalytic commentators and simplifiers is now upon us. If most of us wondered what Dr. Freud was getting at, it wasn't a patch on the bewilderment that has since been visited on us by most of the copious explainers who have followed him. Of the four of these supplementary volumes now before us, two are admirable in themselves, but fail to begin at the beginning or even to take the beginning into account at all; one is a mere catalog of winds of doctrine, and the fourth, that of Dr. A. A. Brill, is simply outrageous.

Psychoanalysis is going to remain a mystery—and therefore an irritation—until the commentators go behind their current starting point, "Psychoanalysis is a method and this is how it works", and tell what it works on, and why. They are now like nothing so much as the man who says, "All you have to do is to point out the well to me, and then I will show you what this divining rod can do."

Even so able a man as Frederick Pierce, who describes the unconscious, the fore-conscious, and the conscious and all the little censors with clear speech and many pictures, is content to dismiss the actual contents of "Our Unconscious Mind" as certain anonymous "primitive instincts".

The contents of the unconscious are indeed primitive. They are now just what they were when Old Mother Amœba put out her first pseudo-pod. The important thing which psychoanalysis pointed out was that the primitive instincts are just as hefty as they ever were, and that civilization, hav-

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ing passed the limits of primitive patience in its anti-primitive campaigns, is now paying pretty stiffly for its impudence. It was this acknowledgement of what lay at the root of mankind, and not merely lay but kicked and screamed, that gave psychoanalysis any significance whatever. It was the discovery of an inalterable pattern at the beginning of all life, a pattern that preserved itself or like Samson went down with its temple, that was of infinitely more consequence than the mere method of the discovery.

And if psychoanalysis exposed this restless giant, taking new and more respectful note of him, the giant in his turn made psychoanalysis a reliable tool. Psychoanalysis is valuable because, and only because, the thing it analyzes is no longer an x quantity. No more is it an impotent quantity. It is the great source, and the only source, of emotion—that strange rush of blood somewhere that makes men git up and git. Mankind can not only not add a cubit to his stature by taking thought. He cannot add a cubit to any enterprise. In fact, one may fairly question whether he can even take thought, without a push from the deeps. About the only thing he can do by taking thought is to obstruct his master, which is probably why he invented a brain for himself at some point north of the primæval ooze.

Nobody should complain of that. Nobody could possibly want unmodified egos abroad in the land. But something had to come along to say to man: "Don't overdo this—old Amœba's ninety-millionth grandson is already fashing his tail—" That is precisely what psychoanalysis is begining to say.

Gone are the days when man could report upon himself freely and have nobody call the turn on him. If he said: "I'm very funny, that way, I breathe with my heart and digest in my lungs", any anatomist could say, "Either you are lying sir, or you are a very sick man." But if he said: "I'm funny, I know, but I have got all the egotism out of me", his hearers simply had to endure him. Now psychoanalysis has supplied the lacking anatomy of human personality and the unendurables can at least be silenced.

The analyst can now operate, when something is wrong. Whether or not he can cure depends on how well he knows his business. But the department of cure must not be confused with the anatomical knowledge, because cure is still in the empirical stage. One analytical school may say, build up sex; another, the ego maximation, by whatever means; and still a third, up and at the sublimations. All the disputes arise in the field of cure, and have, strictly, nothing to do with the raw material of the patient, or the proper approach to his maladies.

Commentators must learn a proper emphasis. Then what they have to say can have a value more measurable with their efforts.

However, after all this scolding, there are two of our four books that must be heartily recommended. The first is "Psychanalysis in the Class Room" by George H. Green, which contains some of the finest thinking, some of the clearest exposition, and by far the finest spiritual overtone of any book of its kind we have seen. If he wants to start a school, he can have our H. 3rd without reservations. For the seeker after the truth about psychoanalysis, we cannot too heatedly recommend him, for the reasons already stated; but for the seeker

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after the truth about children, and how to handle them, he should be an incomparable guide. Every parent and every teacher should read him.

Frederick Pierce's book, "Our Unconscious Mind", is also beautifully and clearly done, and gives the first definite news of the Nancy and Rousseau schools which are experimenting in suggestion and auto-suggestion. For the present, what he has to say is compelling and brilliant, but deliberately tentative. Events may prove it to be as important a book as the first of Sigmund Freud's, but only events can do it. Meanwhile, it is merely intensely interesting.

André Tridon's "Easy Lessons in Psychoanalysis" is of fine catalog value, but little more. Mr. Tridon's acute mind reports with fair accuracy the various fields of debate. That is perhaps enough.

Dr. Brill's book is contradictory and utterly lacking in organization. Perhaps he can analyze and cure a patient, but he certainly cannot tell about it. His "Fundamental Conceptions" is muddled and exasperating.

Psychanalysis in the Class Room, by George H. Green. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Our Unconscious Mind and How to Use It. By Frederick Pierce. E. P. Dutton and Co.
Easy Lessons in Psychoanalysis. By André Tridon. James A. McCann.
Fundamental Conceptions of Psychoanalysis. By A. A. Brill. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

NOVELS FROM THE YOUNGER MEN

By Burton Rascoe

YOU will find listed below four novels by members of what is, by discourtesy, termed the younger generation. What, specifically, is discreditable in being young and at the same time being an author of a book, is a secret you may fathom only by questioning someone who is not young and who is also the author of a book. Certainly these four novels have not one point in common beyond the fact that they are made up of words from the English language, printed on paper, bound in covers, and written by men under thirty-five.

"The Fair Rewards" should be mentioned first, not because it is a first novel, but because it is a novel which might well have been written by a less austere Galsworthy somewhere in mid-career. As an æsthetic achievement, it is no less than amazing. One knew instantly upon reading Mr. Beer's exquisitely patterned and beautifully worded short stories in "The Saturday Evening Post" that here was a new and brilliant talent, sure of itself, with an uncommon viewpoint and a rich emotional sensibility, rigidly disciplined: but one was not prepared to encounter a novel of New York theatrical life so exquisitely etched as this.

It has been the strange fate of Mr. Beer's novel to sell in great numbers because of the adventitious circumstance that it contains here and there bright bits of scandal about people not too remotely dead. It is become, I hear, a parlor pastime to guess who various persons in the novel are. Perhaps that is the reason why so many have overlooked the importance of Mr. Beer's achievement in the art of novel writing. To an outlander who doesn't know and doesn't care whether incidental figures in the novel are really Egbert Whoozis, Alice Wilcote, and Jazzbo Brown, intimations that they are real persons impress him only with regret that they are.

What interests the present com-

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mentator is the novel's sheer beauty and charm. That beauty and charm lies in the mature sentiment expressed in the novel, the civilized and pitying smile of a novelist capable of noble grief. It is a question of attitude, and Mr. Beer's attitude is that of an artist who seeks in characters or in situations only the essential beauty. And that beauty has nothing to do with right or wrong, prettiness or ugliness: it is reality viewed by a mind wherein intelligence and emotion are carefully balanced. No one, not even Tarkington or Twain, has given us the essential quality of tragically illusioned youth so well as Mr. Beer. And before that final frustration of his hero's agonized and futile search for sustained and sustaining happiness, anyone who cares for superb art in writing must salute Mr. Beer with wholehearted gratitude.

The trouble with "The Beautiful and Damned" is not that it is racy, shocking, or ill mannered but that it is blubberingly sentimental. It amounts almost to a temperance tract. One cannot well avoid hearing Mr. Fitzgerald in the pulpit shouting, "Look, look at this terrible sot! He has passed almost beyond reclaim. And, would you believe it, this very man once had the world at his feet! He was a fine and clever man, alert, witty, and full of the zest of life. Now see what has become of him! What did it? Drink, nothing else. Rum, the curse of the age!"

Mr. Fitzgerald as nemesis to his harried hero is, perhaps, the floreation of a vice which in "This Side of Paradise" was only an amusing peccadillo. That vice is one of being not only a novelist but at the same time an amateur philosopher, sociologist, and theologian. The charm of "This Side of Paradise" was precisely in its puerilities. There was a young man setting down his childish notions about love, capitalism, and literature at the very time he was thinking them. Now that he is three years older we find that he has not matured at all and that he has taken himself far less seriously as a clever and observing youth with an overflowing creative vitality and a rich store of word associations, than as a thinker. One suspects that he was not being facetious when he misnamed the volume which should have been called "Flappers and Flapdoodlers".

No one of late years has appeared on the horizon with a happier verve than Mr. Fitzgerald or with a more promising narrative talent; and no one ever collapsed so easily into the banal and commonplace as he has in this novel. This comes, possibly, from a refusal to subject his spontaneous outbursts to the refining process of self-criticism and to the clarification of a plan. It should not stand as irony that one of Mr. Fitzgerald's first stories was also perhaps his finest and that that story was called "Benediction". He is too richly endowed with ability not to turn that ability to permanent account.

From the evidence in "The Lonely Warrior" I cannot discover in Claude Washburn the slightest gift for writing. The novel is painfully built up in the style of a petulant second year high school boy, full of such stuff as this:

> Stacey fled to Philadelphia, thence to Baltimore, then up to Boston. He went to dinners and dances and dinner-dances in one place and another. Debutantes a little nakeder and bolder than he remembered them in past years. Quite in keeping with everything else. The whole country singing one vast jazz song of praise to the body, sole pre-occupation how to gratify every

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instinct it possessed. It was callousness carried further than was credible, since across the ocean were thousands who, too, were thinking only about their bodies — perforce, being unable to get sufficient food and clothes to keep them alive.

He gazed at it all with bitter aloofness. What could be done about it?

Well, if he wants a suggestion, he might cut out the dinners and dances and apply for the job as assistant to Dr. Straton.

With "Rahab" I, for one, can have little patience. In "Our America", Mr. Frank revealed an ability to write poignant lamentations in a clear and compelling prose. That book had, I think, almost no critical value, but as an expression by a man who makes of literature and art a religion, it was interesting and even beautiful. The new novel is a sentimental melodrama, written in the most forced and in the falsest style I have ever encountered.

The Fair Rewards. By Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Beautiful and Damned. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Lonely Warrior. By Claude C. Washburn. Harcourt, Brace and Co.
Rahab. By Waldo Frank. Boni and Liveright.

INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF HISTORY IN THE MAKING

By H. S. Rushmore

"AFTER the War", Colonel Repington's diary of a year's travels, is a volume whose 469 pages teem with information which students of foreign politics, economists, statesmen, and men of finance and world commerce can ill afford to lack in their libraries. The author whirls his reader from one European city to another, pausing in each to glean from kings, princes, foreign ministers, editors, statesmen, soldiers and others their understanding of the plans and purposes of the various countries, the condition, temper, and loyalty of the people, and the probable results of treaty negotiations, boundary disputes, and the ambitions of monarchs. Matters of world interest form the commonest subject matter of the diary. Conceivably this is so because when one converses with Pétain, Venizelos, King Constantine, Pershing, Hoover, Hughes, et al., he does not discuss tatting.

Thousands of words would be required merely adequately to summarize Colonel Repington's diary, and, that being impossible in this limited space, perhaps some gleanings from the volume will convey a glimmering of its wealth of incident—all of value because of the intimate use of names and the absence of generalizations.

The author quotes M. Bergomini, editor of "Giornale d' Italia": "The Italians won their share of the war, but lost the peace", a tragedy resulting in a serious moral depression and, naturally, a sore point with Italian statesmen.

Count Sforza, Italian Foreign Minister, confided to the Colonel that the Inter-Allied Mission in Austria ate up by its demands half of the Austrian revenue.

Greece is such a seething cauldron of politics that Athens children of three or four years were found taking sides as Monarchists or Venizelists and actually fighting over arguments.

One of the common beliefs of European statesmen and writers is that while the continent is in search of peace and unable to find it, there is a want of unity of ideas and attitudes.

"It seems to me", says the author,

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"that the origin of all our present troubles is the detached attitude of America. She has protested her signature to the Versailles Treaty, has not ratified the Anglo-American Guarantee to France, and has rendered the League of Nations ridiculous by not joining it."

"The Boches", he remarks in another place, "seem to me as unrepentant as they ever were, unwilling to acknowledge their responsibility for the war, neither willing to express regret nor to atone for all the miseries which they have brought upon the world, and as destitute of tact and feeling as of old."

Vienna's excesses flaunted in the face of a starving people, might bring bolshevism to that city, but Baron Pitner of its Wiener Bank Verein was not worried, as in such case "the country districts would starve out Vienna".

Austria's fall from might inspires this comment: "To most of us Austria is still Austria. How few of us realize that an empire of 240,000 square miles has been reduced to 32,000, and a population of 53,000,000 to 6,000,000!"

"I told Walker D. Hines, a thoroughly capable American, that the Americans would have to come into European politics again, for we could not do the Atlas business much longer. We were too small a country and our internal difficulties were too great. If the Americans did not come in things might begin to crumble."

Elihu Root, seen at the Washington Conference, is described by the author as "as wise a head as America contains". The Colonel is both severe and kind in picturing Charles E. Hughes: "He strikes me as a trifle fanatical in his outlook and has the fierce twinkle in his eye of a bull before he charges. I put him down as dangerous. They say he has no weaknesses. What a tragedy, if true! However, he is assuredly a male man and that is much and there is no duplicity about the man at all."

America is termed a ruinous country. "No one can live here (Washington) in a hotel under £60 a week."

But Colonel Repington pays tribute to Hughes and America in the following comment on the Conference:

> Mr. Secretary Hughes sunk in 35 minutes more ships than all the admirals of the world have destroyed in a cycle of centuries. . . . America makes a great renunciation and the most magnificent political gesture of all history. . . .
>
> America stands apart, unseeking, unselfish, righteous, well intentioned, Olympian in her detachment, yet with means of constraint at need, both moral and material. I see no power but America's to redeem Europe and Asia from all the terrible troubles which my inquiries this year have made too poignantly manifest to me. Responsibility goes with power and has ever so gone since the dawn of history.

After the War. By Lt.-Col. Charles à Court Repington. Houghton Mifflin Co.

TETRAZZINI'S MEMOIRS

By Lucrezia Bori

LUISA TETRAZZINI possessed and no doubt still possesses one of the most remarkable voices of our time, and a book written by her regarding her life and art is a valuable human and artistic document. Any singer who has ever heard Mme. Tetrazzini realizes her extraordinary skill, and if in a book she were able to reveal the secret of her command of coloratura, that book would become a treasured possession of every operatic artist and aspirant. That Mme. Tetrazzini has not done this is to be

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regretted, though she has succeeded in producing a most readable and chatty volume, into which she has thrown not a little of that gusto which was one of her chief qualities as a singer.

A singer is rarely a critic, and Mme. Tetrazzini is no exception to this rule, but she is an appreciator, and her appreciations of her triumphs are delightfully wholesouled. As a Spaniard I am gratified by her love for Spanish America, and her recognition that it was South America which first gave her her artistic due. The Spanish race is one which loves and hates with an equal intensity, and its expression of both these passions is equally enthusiastic and open. That the inhabitants of the South American cities should set off fireworks for Mme. Tetrazzini and drag her carriage through the streets, is only the spontaneous outburst of affection of a race which is not yet stultified by over-analysis.

It was Mme. Tetrazzini's enthusiastic reaction to her admirers which made the volume most interesting to me. In this reaction she displays the soul of a child, which is the soul of every true artist. That America comes in her affections only after South America is to me an added gratification, as I consider America my second country. I am too young to have been in New York during those exciting days when Mme. Tetrazzini saved Oscar Hammerstein and the Manhattan Opera Company, but though I am a loyal member of the Metropolitan, I pay my tribute to the artist who almost singlehanded turned defeat into at least a temporary victory.

Another pleasing feature of the book is the fact that Mme. Tetrazzini has only kind words for everyone, with the exception of one jealous rival and the French government and press. Her reaction to the latter is, I feel, unfortunate, for we Latins are, after all, one in spirit—or ought to be—and France has always played a glorious part in upholding Latin civilization. As for the jealous rival, Mme. Tetrazzini forgives and forgets, and this is a tribute to her generosity as a woman.

"My Life of Song" is an admirable illustration of the value of optimism and good nature. Mme. Tetrazzini possessed a great voice and extraordinary skill in florid song, but she would never have been the artist she is if this had been all. First and foremost she is a warmhearted and vital woman—without such attributes mere technical prowess and beauty of voice speedily wear thin. Mme. Tetrazzini possesses that rarest of all gifts, an ingratiating personality, and this gift informs her "Life of Song".

My Life of Song. By Madame Tetrazzini. Dorrance and Co.

TURGENEV RERAMBLED

By Alexander Kaun

"A DOOR opened. A giant came in—a giant with a silver head, as they would say in a fairy tale." This from Maupassant's worshipful account of his first meeting with Turgenev at Flaubert's. About fifteen years earlier the "Journal des Goncourt" records the appearance of the Russian at the intimate dinners of the hissed authors:

> He is a great, big, charming fellow, a gentle giant with bleached hair, and looks like the kindly genius of a mountain or a

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forest. He is handsome, magnificently, immensely handsome, with the blue of heaven in his eyes, and that charming Russian sing-song voice, in which there is just something of the child and the negro.

The soft giant becomes the soul of the *Diners de Cinq*, clinking glasses with the Big Four — Flaubert, Goncourt, Daudet, Zola. A most intimate and profound friendship binds him with the pathetically lonely Flaubert. "It was Georges Sand who married them", relates Alphonse Daudet. . . .

The boastful, rebellious, quixotic Flaubert, with a voice like a Guard's trumpeter, with his penetrating, ironical outlook and the gait of a conquering Norman, was undoubtedly the masculine half of this marriage of souls; but who, in that other colossal being, with his flaxen brows, his great unmodelled face, would have discovered the woman, that woman of over-accentuated refinement whom Turgenev has painted in his books, that nervous, languid, passionate Russian, torpid as an Oriental, tragic as a blind force in revolt?

Urbanity—this was Turgenev's great asset. As Nietzsche would say, he was a Good European. What else could have bestowed the love and admiration of the exclusive, non-bohemian, not over cosmopolite French men of letters, upon this foreigner coming from a race and a country assumed to be barbarian? Erudite, artistic, brilliant, suave, democratic with the ease of an aristocrat, this polyglot charmed Berlin and Baden-Baden, as he did Paris, as he did London. For the conquest of the Anglo-Saxons we have no less discriminating a testimony than that of Henry James, who significantly includes Turgenev among his "French Novelists". In vain will you try to imagine any of Turgenev's great contemporary Russians similarly "at home" in the European salons. Goncharov would make the impression of a provincial, of a Trollope without Anthony's industrious fecundity, of an Oblomov turned bureaucrat. Byelinsky, "Bessarione furioso" to his Russian friends, the dictatorial critic of the 'Forties, would appear naively dilettantish. Dobrolyubov, the caustic poet-critic whom some have mistaken for the original of Bazarov, would alienate the Good Europeans with his uncouthness of a clergyman's son. Tolstoy, as proud of his simon pure aristocratic ancestry as Turgenev was of his Tartar progenitors, would nevertheless strike the westerners as a rough muzhik, brusque, rectilineal, egocentric. Needless to say how out of place in these circles would be the epileptic Dostoyevsky, waxen-faced with an occasional hectic flush on his sunken cheeks, with the mad gleam in his small malicious eyes, his ridiculous pug nose (caricaturized in an early poem written jointly by Turgenev and Nekrasov), his thin sandy wisp of a beard, with his morbid shyness and diffidence, with his jerky nervousness, with all his tense, chaotic contradictoriness. Good form, poise, broadness, brilliance — none of Turgenev's literary compatriots possessed these prerequisites in a sufficient measure for being eligible to the intellectual-artistic milieu of western Europe.

In fact, Turgenev was too much of a westerner to be tolerated by his Russian acquaintances. Few were the friends he had in his native country, and the good relations with these he retained largely perhaps owing to his staying most of the time abroad. Tolstoy's aversion for Turgenev was almost physiological. "I cannot stand his democratic thighs!" he shrieked hysterically at a gathering of writers, while big Ivan Sergeyevich gracefully paced up and down the room. A duel between the two novelists was averted

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with difficulty. Than Dostoyevsky there hardly existed a better hater, and one need only recall the caricature he drew of Turgenev, in the falsetto voiced Karmazinov (the "Possessed"), to judge of his venomous attitude toward his fastidious colleague. Nekrasov, in whose monthly the larger part of Turgenev's early works had been published, broke all relations with him in the end. So did Michael Bakunin, the alleged prototype of Rudin. Even Alexander Herzen, himself a Good European, perhaps even a better one than Ivan Sergeyevich, grew frigid toward Turgenev, ostensibly because of the latter's pacifism and moderation, or rather indifferentism, with regard to Russian political affairs.

His urbanity, tolerance, opportunism, moderation, harmonized perfectly with his basic trait — skepticism. From the first of his "Huntsman's Sketches" to the last line of the "Senilia", one is aware of a subdued, muted, yet ever present vibrating undertone of profound pessimism. Turgenev's intense love for life, for nature, for human beings, is invariably mingled with a sense of ultimate futility. His unparalleled Russian landscapes, which recall to one's mind the brush of Levitan; his splendid gallery of women, from the ethereal Liza to the satanic Irina through the dynamic Natasha—Elena—Marianna; his lovingly worked out portraits of men taken from practically every walk of life; his clairvoyant visualization of the entire gamut of human emotions and passions; his lyric gems —"Poems in Prose"; his private letters written with graceful simplicity; all the manifestations of his genius are streaked with the purple hue of disenchantment. Böcklin's self-portrait, with death fiddling into the artist's ear, is a motive suggested by the author of "Enough". Of what avail is the nightingale's song, dawns and sunsets, conflicts and struggles, social upheavals, movements and parties? "Enough," sighs the disillusioned artist. "Merci," giggles sarcastically Dostoyevsky.

Poised, serene, resigned, introspective, looms in Perov's painting the white head of Ivan Sergeyevich Turgenev over an expansive corpulence testifying to gourmanderie and gout. Let Herzen thunder against the tsar's henchmen; let Bakunin preach "den Geist der Zerstörung —den schaffenden Geist"; let Nekrasov strum his lyre of "wrath and vengeance"; let Dostoyevsky writhe in convulsions over God and the devil and suffering; let Tolstoy plunge into icy asceticism in quest of God-good: the lot of Ivan Sergeyevich is skeptical contemplation. His is the Hamlet kind of mind, in which the "hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought". Hamlets, are nearly all of Turgenev's men, devoured by reflection, by constant doubting, by passive meditation. Therefore all his men fail, they are "superfluous", for life demands action, be it even Quixotic action. In vain does Turgenev seek after his counterpart, after men of positive activity, antipodes of the superfluous Rudins: he creates type after type, and not one of them "makes good". Bazarov weakens mentally and collapses physically. Lavretsky is slapped in the face by foolish omnipotent Chance. Insarov, the only man of direct action, who neither doubts nor hesitates, happens to be not a Russian but a Bulgarian, and he too is killed off by the author before reaching his destination. There are two men whom Turgenev allows to succeed, or to augur success — Litvinov

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and Solomin. Both are mediocre nonentities. Litvinov escapes the clutches of Irina, the inscrutable Lilith, and launches on the road of happiness "ever after" with the goody Tanya. Solomin is the incarnation of a petty bourgeois, a prospective shopkeeper. No, we positively prefer Turgenev's failures, his Hamlets. At least there is something beautiful about these, the beauty of decaying splendor, of dying autumn, of an unfinished song. And, perhaps, there is something dynamic about their inactivity, about their refusal to conform with the demands of common sense, to acquiesce in the prospects that are in store for Litvinov and Solomin.

Three generations are portrayed by Turgenev (three decades, to be sure; but Russian intellectual life has a tempo of its own). Serfdom, Emancipation, Narodnichestvo, Fathers-Sons-Grandsons, Slavophils, Westerners, Nihilists — a kaleidoscopic presentation of Russian currents of thought and social movements through the larger part of the past century. Might he not link his work under the collective title of "La Tragédie Humaine"? At any events, he was too sad a contemplator of life to regard it as a *comédie* (he did not care for Balzac, and resented the suggestion of owing anything to his influence).

At the funeral of Turgenev, Renan paid tribute to the breadth of vision and of scope the Russian possessed. His was

> . . . the conscience of a people. Before he was born he had lived for thousands of years, infinite successions of reveries had amassed themselves in the depths of his heart. No man has been as much as he the incarnation of a whole race: generations of ancestors, lost in sleep of centuries, speechless, came through him to life and utterance.

Renan, as usual, must be taken with a reservation. Turgenev incarnates the Hamletian side of the Russian people only. Entirely unknown to him is that spirit of Quixotic activity which has been displayed by the Russians since 1917. One must admit, in conclusion, that the Quixotic side of the Russians is still awaiting its artist, its Turgenev.

Novels of Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett. New Library Edition (Fifteen Volumes). The Macmillan Co.

ESCAPADOS

By Dhan Gopal Mukerji

GOD fled the madhouse of Eternity
The day Truth escaped from the gaol of Perfection.
Now they wander among men:
The one in the guise of folly;
The other in the tatters of song.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

THE efforts of the late James Bryce to popularize his plan for a "combination" of states to minimize the possibilities of war, are extended beyond his death by the publication of the lectures he delivered at Williams College last summer. In "International Relations" (Macmillan) are his conclusions together with the lessons of history from which they are drawn. It seems most apt that the last work of this student should be a plea for peace addressed to the people he understood so well — his American friends.

As long as Salvatore Fucito and Barnet J. Beyer, authors of "Caruso and the Art of Singing" (Stokes), write of the singer's life they are handling romantic facts that refuse to be made dull. When, however, they fill other pages with "Caruso's vocal exercises and his practical advice to students and teachers of singing", they are offering nothing to him who does not sing and only false hopes to the aspiring vocalist lacking the physical gifts with which Caruso worked.

From the twenty-eight volumes that comprise the output of the creator of the type of poetic expression that Amy Lowell has adapted to American versification under the category of polyphonic prose, John Strong Newberry has compiled a volume of translations of unique significance to those who are unable to go to the original with any surety of understanding. The art of "The Selected Poems and Ballads of Paul Fort" (Duffield) is essentially musical, prose with wings, harking back to the classic and aural tradition as opposed to much modern verse that seems to be allied to what may be termed the visual arts of sculpture and painting. The most obvious and not the least beautiful example of this is "The Daughters of the King of Spain", where the use of the melodic interval is most fully articulated, the musical development particularly stressed. Beginning with this and working backward through the book will help the understanding. Paul Fort brings nothing new to philosophy. His art is not a principality of ideas. He is the singer pure and simple; his is pure sound and whimsical sense, often nonsense (in his satirical vein) that is none the less utterly charming. Through every mood there runs an abounding energy, an insurgent vitality, and in his historic tales he has completely mastered atmospheres that are novel in words remarkable for their exact relation to the mood. We prophesy that on these his fame will rest.

"The Psychic Life of Insects" by E. L. Bouvier, translated by L. O. Howard (Century), is gratifyingly accurate and absorbingly interesting. Even those who are not naturalists will like it. Those who cling to the old theory that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male" will find their theories upheld by the ways of the lady spiders who conclude their nuptial feast by devouring their recently acquired mates.

The old-fashioned courtliness of the

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letters which make up "The Fall of Mary Stuart" (Houghton Mifflin) by Frank A. Mumby makes the book worth reading, be one never so little interested in history *per se*. Here is a collection of original documents charmingly dressed in doublet and hose and Elizabethan finery.

Interesting in a special sense as representing the best poetic expression of modern Greece, "A Hundred Voices and Other Poems" by Kostes Palamas (Harvard) has the universal appeal of soaring thought in stately rhythm. Aristides E. Phoutrides, the translator, in an interpretative introduction makes significant comparisons with Hesiod, emphasizing the modern spirit of Palamas. The poems combine limpid grace with a high imaginative vigor which is never strident.

In "Little Essays of Love and Virtue" (Doran) Havelock Ellis indites a prefactory wish that the book "come into the hands of young people, youths and girls at the period of adolescence". His exposition of sex questions is informative, sometimes argumentative, always frank without a suggestion of vulgarity and, occasionally, one feels, almost too erudite for the class for which it is written. He presents his unorthodox conception of purity in a straightforward way and he challenges the opponents of birth control and eugenics in a friendly spirit which, however, admits of no compromise. The relations of parents and children, husbands and wives, and the individual and the race make the book. He suggests his mission, and the character of the essays by saying: "We must understand before we can pretend to control."

To summarize "The Evolution of Civilization" (Putnam) in 138 pages for "people of little leisure" is the endeavor of Joseph McCabe, whose slight sketch, written in a simple and popular manner, supplements his earlier work, "The A B C of Evolution". Although the author brings nothing new to our information he synthesizes lucidly considering the space at his disposal, and will possibly create a thirst in the mind of the uncultured that only stronger waters will assuage.

Of particular value is Oscar Douglas Skelton's "Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier" (Century) because of the lucidity with which the author relates the political history of Canada. In tracing the life of Sir Wilfrid Mr. Skelton sketches the development of the Dominion and gives clear pictures of its struggles, enmities, and difficulties. Particularly significant, in the light of Laurier's subsequent fair attitude in handling the divergent points of view of French-speaking and English-speaking Canada, is the fact that as a lad he spent some time in a Scotch Presbyterian home. There, according to his own wishes, he attended family worship and "came to appreciate the way of looking at life of his English-speaking countrymen, and particularly to understand that many roads lead to heaven".

To prove how very versatile he is (in case there was anyone who doubted it), Don Marquis has published a book of verse called "Poems and Portraits" (Doubleday, Page). It is not only verse but poetry, and sounds a light lyrical note with grace and skill. It is uneven in quality, like most good things, and the simplest of his songs are generally the

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finest. It is the spontaneous-sounding ones — those that he could not keep from writing — that show him at his best. At the back of the book there is a collection of "Savage Portraits", skilful but too vicious to be good reading, which it is advisable to skip lest they spoil the pleasant impression left by the poems.

A volume of appealing essays that reveal a personality æsthetically melancholy, mystically wistful, intellectually perceptive, and apparently unconsciously and incidentally poetic, is "Through the Torii" (Four Seas). We fancy that Yone Noguchi meant to indicate himself in this symbolic gateway that frames the distant or near prospect of a temple, shrine, or holy mountain as "an august signal that your earthly ambition should not go any further; through the Torii you reach the land holy and innocent". Mr. Noguchi, in what an English reviewer terms "bent" prose, catches the atmosphere of a moss-green and grey Japanese city or of a red-lacquer and gold temple flaring against a hillside; regrets the upheaval of Japanese culture through the invasion of western commercialism, visits an old poet, compares the oriental and occidental theories of poetry, and gives a Japanese's appraisal of Whistler, Rossetti, Yeats, and Oscar Wilde, with a bias that is due to individuality and not to theory, without propaganda or dogmatism, with the surety of one who has mastered the secrets of a self that is as delicately atmospheric as a Japanese landscape. The epigrams, collected under the headings, "Netsuke" and "From a Japanese Ink-Slab", are often poignantly ironic.

Parody is the cartooning of literature, the elevation of the characteristics of the artists to an insupportable predominance. Such, at least, is our definition as derived from J. C. Squire's "Collected Parodies" (Doran), wherein the English poet and essayist criticizes in burlesque the more acute mannerisms of contemporary and past poets, dramatists, politicians, schools, and sects. We experience so strongly the emotion of recognition *(vide* Henry James) when a poem opens

> You dirty hog,
> You snouty snipe,
> You lump of mud,
> You bag of tripe,

that it scarcely needs the author's advice for us to know that this is an example of what we might have got "if Mr. Masefield had written 'Casabianca' ". Mr. Squire, we would add, rather maliciously favors Mr. Masefield, for he gives us not only, "The Poet in the Back Streets", and "The Merciful Widow", but also "If Wordsworth had written 'The Everlasting Mercy' " and takes a final whirl in "If Gray had had to write his Elegy in the Cemetery of Spoon River instead of that of Stoke Poges". Not that the parodist's slap stick is guilty of unfair favoritism. It is a very agile weapon, able to hit in two places at once. For the rest Maeterlinck shudders vaporously at us; Wilde expounds sterile epigrams; Rabindranath Tagore exercises metaphysically over "Little Drops of Water"; Davies is reduced to an absurd simplicity. Wells is rejuvenated at the end of each chapter by meeting a new woman, and Chesterton beams a bland golden smile through a purple mist of fabulous prose.

"The Study of American History" by Viscount Bryce (Macmillan) comprises the inaugural lecture of the

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Sir George Watson chair of American history, literature, and institutions, which was conceived for the purpose of enlarging Englishmen's knowledge of America and fostering a closer family feeling between the two lands. The author, than whom there probably could be no better authority, divides American history into periods and directs how it can best be studied.

"Famous Stories from Foreign Countries", translated by Edna Worthley Underwood (Four Seas), introduces one to a wealth of literature ordinarily not accessible to the English-speaking public. There is intensity and pathos, humor and irony, social protest and moral significance in these tales from the Bohemian, Armenian, Austrian, Hungarian, Finnish, Norwegian, and Dutch. The stories vary as widely in theme and manner of treatment as the countries in which they were written; in contrast to a tragic episode from peasant life, we come across a satiric account of an imaginary king; and offsetting a parable on the decay of character, we find the tale of a prisoner unjustly doomed to death. No matter what the subject, however, the stories are interesting and vivid, and have the impress of genuine literature.

The Authors' League has published a book for the benefit of needy authors, entitled "My Maiden Effort" (Doubleday, Page). It is a collection of 125 accounts by successful writers of their first attempts. A large majority are childhood recollections, with frequent quotations which prove that successful writers are not recognizable in embryo. Most of the accounts are humorous and give an impression of a joyous sense of achievement. They remind one of a climber who has gained the top of a mountain and is yodeling down to his friends who are still on the way. There are accounts of oft-returning manuscripts, long delays, microscopic payment (or none at all), and the other familiar difficulties that will be very encouraging to young writers.

Gamaliel Bradford has turned an earnest investigator's eye on the biographies and writings of the men who make up his gallery of "American Portraits, 1875-1900" (Houghton Mifflin). The result is a series of excellent psychological pictures—almost soul sketches—of Mark Twain, Henry James, James G. Blaine, J. McNeil Whistler, Henry Adams, Sidney Lanier, Grover Cleveland, and Joseph Jefferson. He reveals something in each that helps tremendously in understanding idiosyncrasies.

In these days, when the drift of opinion is strongly in the direction of democracy, it is as interesting as it is anomalous to come across a serious appeal for monarchy. Yet Hilaire Belloc's volume on "The House of Commons and Monarchy" (Harcourt, Brace) is reactionary to the extent of advocating monarchy rather than the present representative system of government. The House of Commons, he maintains, is in an advanced stage of decay; it belongs essentially to an aristocratic state, and is ill adapted to function under present conditions; the only remedy is in a responsible monarch. Mr. Belloc's arguments are ingenuous, and he succeeds in making out a strong case; but his conclusions strike one as insufficiently established, and one accepts them with reluctance.

Henry W. Fisher defies memory's

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fallibility and, in "Abroad with Mark Twain and Eugene Field" (N. L. Brown), attempts to recreate anecdotes related by and about Mark Twain some thirty years ago. This Boswellian effort gives Clemens's opinions and his reactions to various situations, but these are of less importance than his exact phraseology in expressing them; and that is lost. The Eugene Field section of the volume is an interesting brief historical sketch.

William Carlos Williams is of that vers libre group which is making the lover of much poetry feel there is something either esoteric or ridiculous about its work. Not being able to understand many of Williams's fifty-odd offerings — some of which are excellent examples of effectiveness and meaning — the average reader will turn away in disgust. Perhaps Williams knew this and so named his collection "Sour Grapes" (Four Seas).

The individual who takes up "Early Jugoslav Literature, 1000-1800" by Milivoy S. Stanoyevich (Columbia) expecting to find a diverting account of Serbian folk songs such as those about which Goethe and Theodore Roosevelt became so enthusiastic, will be sorely disappointed. There are but two references in it to folk songs, the "Mother Margareta" of Juraj Barakovic (1548-1628) which is buried in a work of thirteen cantos, and the *razgovors* of Andra Kacic Miosic (1702-1760), which Dr. Stanoyevich says are not folk songs in the traditional sense of the word but historical narratives collected and written in the ballad style of the mediæval minstrels. It is, all told, a severely cautious investigation, valuable chiefly because of the light it throws on the genesis of the Serbo-Croatian language and the literature that has been written in it, small though this is in bulk and apparently uninteresting in content. The word "apparently" is used with purpose, for Dr. Stanoyevich has devoted nearly all of his space to listing the writers who, now that we have the "Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes", can be assembled under one roof without offending Italy, Russia, Bulgaria, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and other contiguous countries. The study is divided into three parts, (1) from the tenth to the end of the fourteenth century when the language was Old Slavonic, (2) the period of the Renaissance from 1400 to 1650, during which pure Serbo-Croatian became the vernacular, and (3) the period of decline, setting in immediately after the Dalmatian earthquake (1667) and lasting to the close of the eighteenth century. Croatia, Dalmatia, and Slovenia were the leading literary zones, the religion was Roman Catholic, and writers of any merit were exceedingly rare. But we are assured that what has been written since then, including the folk songs, is rich, fascinating, and altogether deserving of study. If Dr. Stanoyevich were privileged to write on this later period he would be more interesting.

The Amherst Books is a series of volumes written by Amherst men and published as part of the college's celebration of its centennial. "The Life Indeed" (Marshall Jones) is the second of the series and is a scholarly interpretation of the Bible and its place and function in modern thought. It is written by the late John Franklin Genung, much loved professor of Biblical history.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge in Cooperation with the American Library Association

The following list of books in demand in the public libraries of the United States during March has been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. With its April issue THE BOOKMAN *discontinued its sectional analysis and presents instead the ten books, both fiction and non-fiction, in greatest demand throughout the entire country.*

It is apparent that in many ways the new system of tabulation is superior to the old. It will give, beyond doubt, a clearer and more truthful picture of the popular reading taste of the moment. The library demand is distinctly the popular demand; it comes from the great mass of people, young and old, who are sufficiently eager to read to take the trouble to go to the public libraries for their books, and who are economically unable, for the most part, to buy books. The record of the past three years and more in these pages has demonstrated, moreover, that the library demand follows precisely in the tracks of the book buyers' demand.

The inclusion of ten titles instead of six will help to inform the curious as to the trend of public taste; many a book that would not have appeared in the list of six for a month or two to come, if at all, will get its proper recognition in the monthly score as soon as the demand for it becomes at all appreciable.

FICTION

1.	If Winter Comes	*A.S.M.Hutchinson*	LITTLE, BROWN
2.	To the Last Man	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3.	Helen of the Old House	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
4.	Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	Brass	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
6.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
7.	The Pride of Palomar	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
8.	The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
9.	The Head of the House of Coombe	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	STOKES
10.	Three Soldiers	*John Dos Passos*	DORAN

GENERAL

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
3.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
4.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
5.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
6.	Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him	*Joseph P. Tumulty*	DOUBLEDAY
7.	Margot Asquith: an Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
8.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
9.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI
10.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Norway Entertains

A YEAR ago, Gerhart Hauptmann, in a moment of rare inspiration, conceived the idea that the world could be spiritually rehabilitated by having its poets come together at some strategic point and talk things over. The city selected for this conference was Stockholm. The Swedes, pleased at the thought of entertaining so much genius at so many *kronor* per head, started an investigation as to the best means of making it a success. They soon found that the scheme was as impractical as Hauptmann's Rautendelein. The older set said the younger set would not come because they could not pay the bills. The younger set said the older set should not be permitted to come because, filled as they are with obsessions, they would check the real progress of poesy by reactionary suggestions. The conference was declared off.

But not entirely. The Scandinavian countries decided to have, if not an international, at least a trinational conference of their own. It was to meet first at Christiania, then at Copenhagen, then at Stockholm. The first session has been held. The Danes invaded the Norwegian capital. It was a tempestuous rather than a fraternal affair, significant primarily by reason of the number of poets it brought to light. But the Danes, according to the account of the affair written by their own Hans Hartvig Seedorff Pedersen, could just barely get a sentence in lengthwise. The Norwegians, it seems, made fifteen speeches in praise of Herman Wildenvey — of Norway — while three were allocated to their guests across the Skagerak and Kattegat. Every time someone would try to "introduce" or otherwise glorify a Danish writer, Carl Naerup was on his feet prepared to champion a hero of his own. And he knew whereof he spoke, for he has written an "Illustrated History of Norwegian Literature".

I have no thought of attempting to record all the incidents that took place at this writers' conference. For if THE BOOKMAN is to enjoy its due share of popularity, some space must be left for other contributors. Three notions, however, come to my mind on thinking of this Dano-Norwegian convention: The population of Denmark and Norway combined is just equal to that of Greater New York, but if poets were as plentiful in New York as they are in the Kingdoms of Christian X and Haakon VII, we could have a going authors' club in each of the sixty-two assembly districts of the city. H. H. S. Pedersen became an ethnologist without knowing it when he said, "It is good that we Danes live so far from the Norwegians that we can love each other." And if the table of contents of Carl Naerup's history of Norwegian literature could be distributed throughout this country as "flying sheets", they would make it easy, by the process of elimination, to tell who is a Dane and who is a Norwegian, for Naerup writes only of his fellow Norwegians.

Now suppose Norway did display conspicuous self-confidence at this spiritual *pourparler*. Was she justified on the basis of fact as opposed to courtesy? What has been going on

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over there during the last season? A great deal, but it is rather noisy, certainly incoherent, and not a little propagandistic. That is, the tract in which some sociologic or economic theory is treated, has become the fashion. Men discuss problems of the day with reference to existing conditions and without laying unusual stress on art for its own sake.

When I say "men", I purposely exclude *de fire store* ("the big four")—Bojer, Garborg, Hamsun, and Kinck—and refer to the numerous lesser lights who are struggling for recognition at home, and who will not be offended if their names are mentioned in this country. They evidently find it more difficult to be poets now than it was previous to 1905, when Norway gained her political independence. While still under the sway of Sweden, Ibsen and Björnson needed only to strike the chord of freedom or nationalism and the chorus joined in and, incidentally, bought their books. Now Norway has what she has long clamored for; and their successors find themselves obliged to seek inspiration based on possession instead of on the much livelier theme — pursuit. Her poets have also been engulfed in the world wide current of social discontent and industrial unrest. And some of the less noted are plainly making an appeal for overseas recognition and the royalties that attach thereto. It is a praiseworthy ambition but exceedingly difficult of fulfilment, if consciously entertained.

There is first of all the case of Gabriel Scott, born at Leith on the Firth of Forth, 1874. After writing a number of short stories, he published an exquisite sketch entitled "Hellig tre Konger" (1900), a book of poems (1903), and a comedy (1905), all of which are noted for their rhythmical prose, or verse, and the admittedly charming naïveté of the ideas elaborated in them. Now Scott publishes (Gyldendal) a pretentious novel entitled "The Golden Message". In it St. Peter submits a report to the Lord showing that things on earth are in a sorry mess. The Lord reads it indulgently and appoints St. Peter to come down and straighten matters out. St. Peter starts on his mission only to find that the reformer's lot is an unenviable one. He makes "raids" but conditions do not stay put. He "cleans up" here and there, but injustice returns as soon as he has gone. After many delightful episodes, told in Scott's most naive style, we learn that "real love will cure all ills", and that "there is happiness a-plenty on earth if everybody will only be satisfied with what he has". That is the "golden message". But Gabriel Scott will never be able to "realize" on it outside of Norway.

In Kristofer Uppdal's novel entitled "Domkyrkjebyggaren" (The Builder of the Cathedral) we have a novel that is anything but naive, either in language or thought. It is based on the life of the laboring classes, reaches at times deep down into the psychology of work, shows what the labor unions are doing in Norway at present, analyzes the feminine psyche with unusual effectiveness, is blunt and brusque and yet poetic. It might in short find a receptive audience beyond the fjords. But it too is a tract, and it is *aktuell* without apology.

Then there are Ingvald Fosberg's "Den store Striden" (The Great Contest) and Sigurd Mathiesen's "Den evige Krig" (War Eternal), the former dealing with the question of religious, or spiritistic, experiences, the

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latter with a theme that will never be exhausted, the relation of man to woman. Mathiesen was born (1871) at Larvik on the south coast of Norway, memorable to me as the town in which Knut Hamsun once gave me an interview near the close of which he said: "Aren't you through yet?" "War Eternal" might be of mild interest to the American public because of Mathiesen's similarity, and indebtedness, to Edgar Allan Poe in some of his earlier works.

There is finally (finally for these notes, though in Norway there is no end of new works of fiction, each unlike the other, but all dealing with topics of today) Olai Aslagsson's "De oede Vidder" (Desolate Distances), depicting life on the prairies of North America with their sheep herds and shepherds, their heat by day and calm by night, their *plein air* or *al fresco* life, if you have sufficient imagination to see life in such surroundings.

Is it not significant that a Norwegian, born and reared amid fjords and mountains, should be attracted to vast, flat, dreary expanses in another country? Why does not some American novelist from the middle west return the compliment by crossing the Atlantic, disembarking at Christiansand, climbing up the backbone of Norway from that port in the extreme south to Hammerfest in the extreme north, a distance of approximately one thousand miles, and then writing a novel based on what he has seen? It would be only fair, and it would certainly be thrilling for the fictionist who gathered his facts in this way and place. Moreover, despite our many importations, the United States has less exotic literature written by natives than any other country.

Apart from all this, the Norwegians celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of John Bojer's birth on March 7. Two interesting facts were brought out: In 1905, a professor of the University of Christiania chanced to be in Paris where a French professor asked him about Bojer. The Norwegian professor replied: "Bojer — Bojer? I know of no Norwegian writer by that name." Now, it is said, Bojer's latest novel, "The Last Viking", is familiar to every Norwegian who can read or listen. Moreover, Bojer's "Power of a Lie" (1903) is said to have been inspired by the Dreyfus trial (1894-1903, and after). It is a fact to be borne in mind by those who affect to fear that, literarily, this country is suffering from "Norwegian rash". Well, even if we have it, thousands are finding it a highly entertaining ailment. They hope too that it will be chronic.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

French Notes

WHEN I first met Gaston Gallimard, years ago, how could I have expected him to become the head of the vast "Librairie" that bears his name, boulevard Raspail? How could I expect him to come to America, as administrator of the Vieux-Colombier, and to return filled with admiration for the New World, although he never explored it beyond West Thirty-sixth Street and Broadway? But above all, I did not suspect that he would develop into a pioneer of public hygiene. The last catalog of his circulating library announces that "each book is made aseptic before changing hands". And some people say that France lags behind in material progress! She is almost as badly involved in it as America.

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Anyway, we're here to talk about books, not booksellers.

"Poète Tragique" (Emile Paul), by André Suarès, is an inspired commentary on Shakespeare personified as Prospero the magician. The works of Suarès, "the passionate critic", are devoted to that lyrical exploration of literature which has so splendidly revived under such masters as Gide, Rivière, Péguy. Like Romain Rolland (his former companion in the early collections of the Cahiers de la Quinzaine) Suarès has inhaled "the breath of the heroes". I suppose that the highest praise to give a critic is this one: the greater the man he writes about, the better he does it, and with the more penetration. We need only remember as a proof of this his "Portraits", and the book on "Pascal, Ibsen, Dostoyevsky".

Paul Adam, who died two years ago, will remain a great figure in French modern literature. A recent book by Camille Mauclair (Flammarion) is devoted to that powerful writer. Younger writers are unanimous in recording the healthy and generous encouragement found in his company. Men of such dissimilar tendencies as Jean Louis Vaudoyer, Jean Aubry, Pierre Drieu la Rochelle, felt that encouragement. I too am indebted to Paul Adam, who wrote an eloquent preface to my first book. I still have to find a man who knew him and did not feel impressed by the abundance and warmth of his personality. Opinions diverge, however, as to the choice of his master books. Some prefer the Héricourt series ("La Force", etc.), illustrating the successive generations of a French family, from Napoleon I to our days. Some readers find him at his best in earlier essays, or in his penetrating, widely informed accounts of journeys to remote countries ("Vues d'Amérique", etc.). Paul Adam himself probably preferred "Le Trust". But "La Bataille d'Uhde", "Le Serpent Noir", have their admirers. And the last books, written after his war experiences, "Dans l'Air qui Tremble", etc. (in 1915 it was my ambulance section that took Paul Adam through the ruins of Ypres and across the sand dunes of Nieuport) show that his death occurred when his talent and strength were at their highest point.

As a novelist, he stood outside classifications, and therefore the French Academy was so slow in recognizing his importance that death came before that official recognition. In explaining (not excusing) the Academy's reluctances, we must say that reading Paul Adam's books is not always an easy task, because of the tremendous and chaotic richness of his vocabulary, the complex, bold, original virtues of his style. And on certain subjects, because of these same virtues, he reached a fitness of expression which had never been attained.

Thanks to "La Revue Hebdomadaire", we are now reading the long expected text of "La Nef", by Elemir Bourges. This writer, little known abroad, is one of the really dignified figures of the literary world. A member of the Goncourt Academy, he has stood aside from the Parisian turmoils and quarrels, and each one of his books, published at long intervals, has been received with unmitigated admiration and respect. "Sous la Hache", the first and shortest of them, was a gripping episode of the French Revolution and Vendean war. Later came "Les Oiseaux s'envolent et les Fleurs tombent", which might be called an epic novel. "La Nef" is a

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gigantic composition, ambitiously aiming at the highest expression of the fundamental conflicts of man and destiny.

Space is scarce, and new French books are many. Let us mention, in almost telegraphic briefness, "La Conscience dans le Mal" (Crès) by Gilbert de Voisins, the sober and virile author of "Le Bar de la Fourche", an American tale of the rough times. At the Nouvelle Revue Française, "Etat-Civil", the first prose book of Drieu la Rochelle, who uttered the sensational "Interrogation" during the war, and since then "Fond de Cantine". (A French John Dos Passos? Well, the parallel wouldn't be so absurd.) In the little collection of Les Peintres Nouveaux, a "Rouault", a "Marie Laurencin" by Roger Allard, an "Utrillo" by Francis Carco.

At the Mercure de France, a new and complete edition of Marcel Schwob's works, in two volumes; this was expected with some eagerness by the admirers of an author who influenced deeply the whole present generation, from Pierre Louys to Mac Orlan. By Remy de Gourmont, "Lettres à Sixtine", collected fragments from an earlier period than the "Lettres à l'Amazone", mentioned before in these notes.

And now you may read the history of the famous corsair Duguay-Trouin of St. Malo, written by himself (Bossard). Lovers of sea romances will find heroic adventures there, and not always and necessarily will the English-speaking sailors come out victorious. . . . The Dutch, for instance, play some glorious parts.

A posthumous edition of Victor Segalen's poems reminds us that he resided in China for a long time; his "Stèles" (Crès) are monuments of quiet and subtle understanding of the east by the west. In this time of vogue for everything coming from the Yellow Continent, we wish that someone would translate into English prose poems these fragments, echoing the example of the Claudel of "Connaissance de l'Est".

A play, "Mademoiselle Pascal", by Martial Piéchaud, young writer of serious promise, was produced last year at the Odéon and is published as the first of a dramatic collection distributed with "La Revue Hebdomadaire". We also know Piéchaud as the author of two novels, "Le Retour dans la Nuit" and "La dernière Auberge", this last one just out (Grasset).

In the political field, let us signal the remarkable study of Louis Eisenmann on "Czecho-Slovakia" (Rieder). The author is one of the three or four men who know Central Europe best. The quality of his book pleases us, but is no surprise to one who already considered Eisenmann as an "authority" — the rarest thing today on these subjects.

France has witnessed a quite marked revival of the literature devoted to the art of preparing food and to the art of tasting it. Several "Almanachs" in the old fashion have been honored with the contributions of our best authors and artists. Magazines publish studies on Brillat-Savarin, the first competent writer on the subject. His "Physiologie du Gout" (1826) was not a cook book, as many people believe, but an essay on the art and science of enjoying such products as the cook book teaches one to obtain. They are by Brillat-Savarin, these oft-quoted sentences (not often enough):

"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you who you are."

"Those who get drunk or sick don't

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know how to drink nor how to eat."

There has just appeared an excellent English version (Doran) of "Nêne", by Ernest Pérochon, a book and an author which the Goncourt Prize brought to public attention a year ago. "Nêne" is a story of peasant life, but the elements of it are so universally human that the tale could have been placed anywhere, in any time. The only definite local factor is the use of the Vendean dialect, which disappears in the translation; and we are grateful to the translator that it does, because transposing it would have burdened the English text with doubtful "equivalents" of peasant speech or slang; if the English book loses in the picturesque, which was inevitable, it gains in generality. The peasant girl Madeleine, who lives for nothing but the love of her master's children, is as fine a character as any heroine of illustrious fiction. The other types are a trifle too neatly drawn, their actions more clearly and logically chained than in real life. But after all, real life is *sometimes* logical. The queer religious rivalries among Catholics, Protestants, and "Dissenters" in that old corner of the French west, the atmosphere of veracity, the studied style of this book, make its reading a refreshing excursion into a seldom visited, though beautiful countryside.

PIERRE DE LANUX

Books for Books' Sake

THE German book lover is not only devoted to the book for its contents. Indifferent as he may often be to sartorial elegance or becomingness in his dress or that of his wife, he is nevertheless very mindful of style, beauty, and fitness in the garmenting of the books in his library. This is no doubt the reason at the root of the fact that German book bindings as a whole are so varied, so original, and so intriguingly beautiful—the most individualistic covers in the world. The German book usually appears both in paper and bound covers; the material is often cheap and simple, but the most striking effects are achieved through unusual color combinations, specially designed original type, or some haunting symbol. The French publisher is content to issue thousands of books all bound in the familiar but monotonous yellow paper covers, and even the typography is unchangeable through the decades. American and English publishers are prone to rely, especially for novels, upon a stout linen cover of this or that color with black, white, or gold stamping, and a loud, chromatic jacket, too frequently a mere illustration of no artistic value. The German publisher, like some of the big German firms, has discovered the advantage of working in conjunction with the true creative artist and giving him a free hand. Most of our own books, it must be confessed, appear staid and old-fashioned beside these.

To be sure, unscrupulous German publishers, catering to the taste and the purse of the war profiteer, began immediately after the war to produce numbers of artistically worthless books at extremely high prices, their showy exteriors designed to distract the reader's or rather the buyer's attention from the poor quality of the paper and printing. But this period is over, and the good and beautiful book has recovered its own.

Bibliophile societies are a peculiar institution in Germany and do much to encourage art. The enormous increase in price of everything con-

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nected with book production led many book lovers to fear that the societies would no longer be able to exist. The fees for membership rose to great heights, but most of the subscribers remained faithful, and so the beautiful private editions could continue to appear. Not only this, but new bibliophile societies have arisen in a number of cities, for instance, one in the great art city, Darmstadt, one in industrial Chemnitz, and one in Dortmund. That it is not a fashion or a fad to belong to these societies is proved by the type of books which they issue. The latest book produced by the Dortmund society, for instance, was a beautiful edition of Dostoyevsky's "Petersburg Nights", which is certainly no everyday fare. The edition was limited to one hundred copies.

Many private presses also bring out exquisite work — the Eginhard Press in Aachen, the Rudolfinische Drücke in Offenbach-on-the-Main, the Insel Press, a branch of the famous Insel Verlag, and the Amalthea Press in Vienna — to mention but a few. The Amalthea Press even brought out a book in English — "In Pandean Vale", sonnets by Geoffrey Sephton, bound in white and gold and printed and decorated in color with designs by the Marquis von Bayros. The newly founded Leipziger Akadamie für Graphische Künste und Buchgewerbe has begun a series of exquisite editions with a "Troilus and Cressida" (in a new translation by Hans Rothe which is said to be highly dramatic and effective), decorated with glowing lithographs in the baroque spirit of the play.

The Jakob Krause Bund, the Society of German Bookbinders, named after a famous bookbinder of the eighteenth century, is sending round prospectuses proposing that book lovers should join the society as "patrons". They believe that a closer connection between bookbinder and book lover would necessarily be of advantage to both. They are to issue a monthly magazine, entitled, technically, "Die Heftlade", edited by Ernst Collin. It is to be devoted to bookbinding in a practical and æsthetic sense, and lavishly illustrated. The magazine will be published by the Euphorion-Verlag of Berlin, which has a good name for fine printing, and it is proposed to issue occasional private editions, the circulation of which will be limited to the patrons. Members of the Jakob Krause Bund will design the covers for these delectable editions.

A private edition of general interest has just been issued by Paul Cassirer, after its public circulation had been forbidden. This is a wickedly brilliant squib upon the German world of music publishers, written by that most witty and devilish of dramatic critics, the Mencken of Berlin, Alfred Kerr, and with music by Richard Strauss. The work is entitled "Der Krämerspiegel" (The Hucksters' Mirror). Kerr's verses flash, prickle, and stab, as does Strauss's music. The style is somewhat similar to that of the "Rosenkavalier", with delightful moments of parody and a deeper lyric note when art is depicted as lying enslaved under the claw of the profiteer. Michel Fingesten, one of the most original and fantastic-poetic of the young black and white men, illustrated this bibliophilic curiosity with some dashing etchings. The book is dedicated to the man who has done so much to secure the rights of the composer in Germany, Dr. Friedrich Roesch, and

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the small edition is priced at over 1,500 marks.

A most important work for book lovers which has just been published by Felix Krais of Stuttgart, is "Die Neue Deutsche Buch-Kunst" (New German Bibliographic Art), by Professor Hans Loubier, president of the Berlin Museum of Arts and Crafts. It is a history, complete, critical, and objective, of the artistic progress and development of the German book in the last twenty-five years. The renaissance of book printing and production dates from William Morris's establishment of the Kelmscott Press at Hammersmith, London, in 1891. Four years later the first fruits of the revivifying influence were already visible in German book production. The highest point of perfection was reached with the magazine "Pan", in which poets, artists, and printers vied to produce the most beautiful magazine in the world. It was unfortunately as short-lived as these splendid productions usually are, and has never since been equaled. In Professor Loubier's magnificent work, with its 157 illustrations in color and black and white, its reproductions of book bindings, fine new types, and publishers' signets, the reader interested in the technique of his books and the record of modern German illustrators, will find many an hour of absorbing reading. The price of this noble book, itself a work of art, bound in white parchment, with title in orange and black, is five dollars. Professor Loubier writes in a lively, descriptive manner, free from all pedantry. While liberal with praise where praise is due, he has a refreshing vigor of criticism and the most famous artists are dealt with in a summary fashion when their artistic product has been out of harmony with the work it was intended to illustrate.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

YOUR SADNESS

By Marion Strobel

NOT because beauty is as thin and bright
In you as the white outline of a tree
In winter, but because I find delight
In the curved sadness of your lips. (I see
Pleasanter things each day, each day recall
Happy faces, laughter that knew a way
To spin senses to oblivion.) . . . All
Your words are swift upon your lips and grey
As swallows, yet I stay to listen, yet
I cannot tear myself away from you:
For in a little while you may forget
Your sadness. Oh no matter what I do
You may forget your sadness — Oh my dear
And even smile, and make the mystery clear!

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

WE, the Gossip Shop, have been abashed as we read Mr. Tinker's "Young Boswell". Abashed; yes, abashed; for we realized that here was our direct forefather. Here was the famous Bozzy running about in the

A contemporary caricature of Johnson, the Bear, with Boswell in Scotland. Reprinted from "Young Boswell".

eighteenth century even as we do in the twentieth, employing every means to meet the lions, literary and political, then hanging on their words, and jotting them down in his notebook. His efforts to see Rousseau remind us of our own to see Eugene O'Neill. Alas! We have missed the playwright by an inch on every corner. Only this morning a letter from him crossed our desk. He has returned to Provincetown. But a mere autograph does not satisfy us. We are truly a Boswell. We must see. We must touch. We must hear! And if we had lived in the eighteenth century (and we rather wish that we had) probably we'd have been found together with Bozzy—while he hung on to one of Sam'l Johnson's coat tails, we would have been hanging to the other. Speaking of Boswell, no reaction to Asquith diary or Clare Sheridan adventure in bad taste could possibly equal the rage with which London received the intimate revealment of its foibles in those days. What an impudent member of the younger generation James Boswell then was. Times pass. Do they change?

Mr. Nichols (Robert, we believe) called on us the other morning. He was quite beautifully dressed, which he probably considers necessary when calling on the Gossip. "I am a Georgian poet!" was his greeting. We took him at his word, and found ourself wondering if all Georgian poets wore cutaways in the early morning. Then we realized that he was indubitably on his way to a luncheon or something to be given in his honor. We met him several years ago when we were an undergraduate. He sat between Stephen Benét and ourself at table. We were puzzled and impressed by the fact that, judging from his example, English men of letters go about calling each other by their first names. We, for example, would think it a trifle strange to call Mr. Garland, "Ham" (which reminds us that Mr. Garland is to spend a large part of the year with his wife and family in London); but Robert Nichols does not hesitate to call John Masefield, "John", and Thomas Hardy, "Tom". What camaraderie there must be among the writers of Merrie England!

It is time for our milk. We have gained six pounds. We have sworn off smoking and become an upright young man. For anyone who wishes

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to be thoroughly miserable we recommend the above. Perhaps this ethical rebirth explains it, perhaps we are simply in the throes of spring fever; at any rate, we are feeling just now as though we never wanted to see the inside of a theatre again, or meet a "literary personage". We turn with joy to the circus and our favorite clown, Pat Valdo, and to prizefights and Italian Street festivals, to docks and amusement parks. Your Gossip will always remain adventuresome, but after a hard year in literary highways, will you allow him a frolic occasionally? One tragic experience this month. Our barber is a well read Italian gentleman who shares our enthusiasm for opera. Also, for the theatre. He invited us to go with him to see Grasso and Mimi Aguglia act. He grew eloquent in his expression of interest and "for the first time in twenty-six years" cut us. We bear the scar now. We shall probably bear it until our dying day as a monument to our interest in Italian art. Milton Raison, the genial young Merchant Marine librarian, telephoned us violently the other morning. "I must have a rhyming dictionary," said he. "How soon?" we demanded. "Why, the radio officer of a freighter has turned poet, and he must have a dictionary." We thought of the tragedy of a radio officer's wanting to be a poet, and *not* having a copy of a rhyming dictionary, so we went out, seized one from a convenient book stall, boarded a subway train, reached the dock as the ship was pulling out, and threw—yes threw!—the precious book. The young gentleman caught it and smiled. Well, we've done our bit for poetry *this month*. We found the first night of "The First Fifty Years" vastly entertaining because we had a bride and groom in our party. Curiously enough the bride came away with high praise for Tom Powers and the groom with adoration for Clare Eames. It was noted, however, that they did not agree. This play is an unusual and absorbing dramatic experiment which, because of notable acting, is lifted above the experimental plane. We have never cheered so lustily at a first night as we did at that of "The Hairy Ape" down at the Provincetown Players. There are moments in it that surpass anything Eugene O'Neill has ever done. We like it ourselves better than "The Emperor Jones". The world, or all of it that could be squeezed into the tiny theatre, was there. We met Stark Young for the first time, he who has but recently joined the staff of "The New Republic", and whose dramatic criticism we like much. He was with Kenneth Macgowan, among other things author of "The Theatre of Tomorrow", who, by the way, has just sailed for Europe with Robert Edmond Jones, the scene designer. They will study the theatre abroad. Mr. Macgowan will even write about it for THE BOOKMAN, unless he forgets.

Charles G. Norris

It would be safe to say that every special writer and magazine man in New York was at the annual Dutch Treat Club Show, written this year by Donald O. Stewart and followed by an anti-climactic amateur movie written and produced by Everett Shinn. We enjoyed seeing the faces of such men as Ralph Pulitzer, Roland Young, Charles Norris, and George Haven

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Putnam in the audience We pick them as being representative of something or other. We don't always know what. Of the theatrical performers Marc Connelly as Mona Lisa was most effective. The play, though it dealt largely with literature, cannot be printed here for the usual reason. It was a stagg affair.

Witter Bynner, the poet, certainly stirred the quiet waters of Santa Fe on his recent lecture trip. A kind lady of that town sends us local clippings of the advent of the president of the Poetry Society of America. The leading editorial in a local paper is headed "Back to Fundamentals". The closing paragraphs speak volumes, so to say:

> Honesty, simplicity, tolerance, courtesy, reverence, practice of the Goldenrule, and happiness that comes from the inside—these, says Bynner, are China's lessons to jazzy, selfish, self centered, self satisfied, thoughtless and hurried Americans.
>
> Witter Bynner is doing a monumental service, we say, to his fellow Anglo Saxons in revealing to them the heart of China, with its poetry of youth and flowers and running streams, of clouds and winds and birds and gentle humor. One cannot conceive of the effect upon world-brotherhood were America to truly understand China. Bynner is showing how easy it is to do so if we but break down the barriers our own complacence and national astigmatism have reared.

What a literary family the Irwins are! Here is Will Irwin back from a trip across the country, with a delightful new house in New York; and here is Inez Haynes Irwin, having furnished that house in the most delightful old colonial manner, sitting in it and busily turning out a novel. Here is Wallace Irwin, and his wife who looks a little like Clare Sheridan and who has just had a play accepted and cast; and here is Phyllis Duganne, an Irwin niece and an authoress at twenty-two, with a husband whose first novel is about to appear. It's strange how, wherever one goes in circles literary, one finds disciples of our own spiritual mentor, J. O'H. Cosgrave. Will Irwin is one too, it seems, for he started with Mr. Cosgrave on "The Wave" back in San Francisco days. We suppose that there is no other one man in the country whose imprint is so strong on the magazine and newspaper field as the present Sunday editor of the New York "World".

Hugh Walpole says that Meredith Nicholson is responsible for his entrance into the field of literature. Mr. Walpole's family strongly resisted his literary tendencies and were anxious to have him enter the church. About the time Hugh was leaving college his father, the present Bishop of Edinburgh, visited America. On his return trip he met Mr. Nicholson, just then much in the public eye from the success of "The House of a Thousand Candles", traveling in company with an American bishop and another friend, one of the most distinguished and scholarly laymen of the Episcopal Church. That an American novelist should cross the sea in such company with the avowed intention of studying church music and inspecting cathedrals, profoundly impressed Dr. Walpole. When he reached home Hugh was still bent on a literary career and Dr. Walpole told him to go to it. In this connection it may be revealed that it is one of Mr. Nicholson's ambitions to write a religious novel that shall consider more fully than was possible in his much discussed essay "Should Smith Go to Church?" the spiritual needs and changes of the times.

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SOME PIERROTS COME FROM BEHIND THE MOON . . .

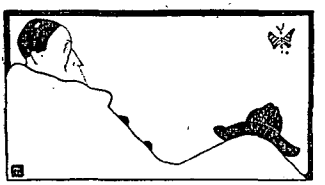
Verses and Sketches by Dwight Taylor

Fat Wilde,
Dressed like a bad actor,
Hawking his birthright
In drawing-rooms:
Selling his words for the price of a soul.

The boy Beardsley
Who found queer things
In the ink-bottle of his heart.
He spent no dull apprenticeship —
The Devil was in haste
To get His posters out.

Jimmy Whistler,
Making enemies
Because he feared the laughter of a friend:
Seeking Beauty in the river-mist,
Groping his way
With a long black cane.

Swinburne,
With his lion's mane,
Roaring his rhyme
From the wilds of Putney.



Carlyle in his black cape
Of thought,
Solving the problems
Of the Universe
While his little wife
Ached for an answer.

Drunken Dowson
Seeing rhythm in the beer-rings
On a table:
Making an epic
Of a servant-girl.

Some Pierrots come from behind the moon,
Sing their songs,
And go back again.

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Donn Byrne's new novel is now running in "The Century". But alas! Mr. Byrne himself with his entire household has fled the country and has set up housekeeping in Cornwall, England. How delightful that would be for the summer—a cottage in Cornwall! Somehow it sounds cool and comfortable as well as alliterative. When Mr. Byrne burst into the Shop shortly before he sailed, he had already taken on the somewhat tweedy appearance of the Gossip's idea of an English country gentleman. "Think how quiet it will be in Cornwall," he taunted us. "You know, I can't bear the idea of this radio telephone. It is just one more complication in an already complicated life. There must be some escape from it. I'm trying Cornwall." We did not quite dare to suggest that the radio telephone is not confined to America. Donn Byrne may find it even in Cornwall. However, we'll admit that when Jessie Rittenhouse tells us that one of her lectures in the middle west was spread all over the country simply by the placing of a receiving instrument alongside the platform, we realize that we are growing old. We, too, do not like this. Joseph Lincoln goes over to New Jersey one evening, and three hundred thousand persons hear his jolly tones. Dick Hale sings to this same huge audience, and in ten minutes Memphis is requesting the encore of a favorite song. There is something ghoulish about it. We feel like the Vermont farmer lady who was scared of a telephone, and the occasional "old party" who refuses to have an automobile in the family. Yes, progress has swept us into the dust heap. We refuse to have a radio telephone in our house!

J. S. Fletcher, our favorite author of detective stories, has written us from Hampshire, England. We have discovered one reason why the gentleman indites such excellent mystery yarns. Long had we suspected him of doing something else equally worthy. Now we find that he is a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and that among his works are "The Making of Modern Yorkshire: 1750-1914", "Memorials of a Yorkshire Parish", and "The Cistercians in Yorkshire". From 1918 to date he has published ten mystery yarns in America. A new one came to our desk this morning and we have been sullen all day because the writing of the Gossip Shop and other petty details make it impossible to read "The Rayner-Slade Amalgamation".

Grace Wallace of Hollywood, California, recently amused herself by answering James Stephens's poem "Wind and Tree", and sending him the answer. His poem:

A woman is a branchy tree
And man a singing wind,
And from her branches carelessly
He takes what he can find:
Then man and wind go far away
While winter comes with loneliness,
With cold and rain and slow decay
On woman and on tree till they
Droop down unto the ground and be
A withered woman, a withered tree;
While wind and man woo undismayed
Another tree, another maid.

Miss Wallace's answer:

A man may be a singing wind
That careless woos each green young tree,
And sips all sweets that he can find
From bosom-branches carelessly;
But if he's wind, and she a tree,
She's higher in Nature's scale than he:
And I suspect she'd rather be
A partly sentient leafy tree
At mercy of the wanton wind
Than to philander all a life,
Sipping green branch in lieu of wife,
An unembodied ghost of thing
Who cannot tell if it be Spring!

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To which Mr. Stephens replied in a letter which contains a very wise statement about poetry in general:

After some wanderings your letter of April last has reached me with your verses on "Wind and Tree". I am still unrepentant, and think that something quite true is in the verse. And, after all, it is better to sing about a thing than to growl about it. More; in poetry one should not pay an extreme attention to the verbal sense: the effort is to make music out of thoughts and the thoughts themselves are of a relative unimportance. I like that poem immensely, not for what it says, but for what it sings, and that is, of course, all that is to it.

Two magazines we find this month of especial interest: one, Herbert Houston's "Our World", a magazine of international affairs. The first issue is full of ideas and seems to us to be far better than the stagnant policies of other similar efforts. True, we cannot wax enthusiastic over the Tennysonian rhythms of Robert Underwood Johnson's "Towers of Remembrance"; but, after all, it is a magazine of the world and not of the arts, and as that, we heartily recommend it. The other magazine is unique indeed. It is called "Voice of the Children". Writing, type setting, printing, and illustrating is done by children of the Ferrer Modern School at Stelton, New Jersey. Several years ago when we were a reporter we were assigned to do a story on the colony at Stelton. On one side of the road were Socialists, on the other Anarchists. We had lunch with the Socialists and tea with the Anarchists. While we found them personally quite rational, we were totally unable to understand their theories. The magazine is a respectable looking publication with an attractively printed design (a linoleum print made, apparently, by the children). The secretary of the school writes as follows:

The magazine is as nearly the independent product of the children themselves as it is humanly possible for it to be. There is absolutely no compulsion or persuasion used to induce the children to attend school, let alone come into the print shop to work on the magazine. There is no adult suggestion whatsoever in any of the letter presses which the youngsters have set up. The printing teacher is on hand of course all the time. He answers questions and takes such steps as may be practically necessary to prevent the press from being smashed or any of the printing equipment ruined. The teacher will even go so far as to encourage the children to look up the dictionary for problems in spelling before appealing to the adult.

The children read very few books. Not because the school does not believe in books, but because there are only very few available. The work the children turn out is never criticized unless the child asks for an opinion on his work. Many of the children who began to be interested in producing a magazine less than a year ago have achieved the same development in their writing and spelling as the average child would show in three or four times the same period.

The whole theory on which our educational practice is now based is to rely on the creative impulse in the child in every case. We believe that when the child is ready to be taught technique it will ask for it. And even then it is a big question as to whether the technique which we are able to impart is not as often a hindrance to the development of the individual as it is a help.

At any rate, we consider "The Poor Little Mouse," by Elizabeth Sinclair, age nine, a most distinctive contribution to literary annals.

Maxie ande Himie went to see the three Musketeers and when they came home started to duel with swords and when they were fighting two long tailed mice jumped on their swords and Himie cut one little mousies tail off. A little boy came along and said oh my dear I'll pick up the pieses of the poor little mouse taill. He piked them up and a little girl came along and said give me the mousies tail to put on my dolly. She was going to the store and then she forgot all about and started to run home and then she rememer she had to go to the store and dropped the poor little mousie tail and ran to the store and when she came home to her mother she told her mother all about it and her mother said I'll get your big new dolly and you can put the mousies tail on it. And when she got the

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big new dolly she playeb and playdd and said, "Oh mama a big animal was going to bite Maxie when he was fighting with Heimie and if he did not have his sword the big animal would swallow him.

First prize for our March children's contest goes to Johanna Hein, age twelve, of Binghamton, New York, whose theme is, "Do I Like Fairy Stories, and Why":

Around the glowing fire on a welcome hearth crowded some story-loving boys and girls— "And lived happy ever after," said the Story-Teller, ending a beautiful fairy tale.

"Oh, tell us another," cried the children, snuggling close for another story; but No, the Story Teller would not tell another tale.

"Why do you like fairy stories," he asked; "Why do you like them better than others?" Come, Babette, you tell me."

"I like fairy stories," answered Babbette, "because so many beautiful and funny things happen in fairy land that do not happen on earth. I like the palace where a princess lives, made of diamonds, and the garden where she wanders in gold and silver."

"And you, Robert, why do you like fairy stories?"

"Oh I like fairy stories because there are so many brave knights who go on adventures, in wild and unexplored countries."

"And you, Dorothy?" said the Story Teller again.

"I like fairy stories, because I can imagine the pictures that the story tells. I love to go in the shady forests where the big trees stand like silent sentinels, and where inside a fairy may live. Sometimes I love to pretend I'm an enchanted princess waiting to have some brave man free me from my enchantment. Fairy stories make me believe in fairy land and I don't think anything is as wonderful as Fairyland. Do you?"

Agnes Sayre Cooney, age fourteen, of Canyon Ferry, Montana, whose paper is awarded second prize, also gives her reaction to fairy stories:

I *love* fairy stories!

Why is not so easy to say, unless it is that I have been fairly brought up on them. As long ago as I can remember, I listened with bated breath to the bed-time fairy tales which Mother told. Wonderful stories they were, too, about nine dear little green men, and beautiful Queen Mab. My two little brothers and I, according to Mother, always took a leading part in these tales, being bosom friends of the little green men, and special favorites of Queen Mab's. Dearest of all the hours in the day, was this hour before bed-time.

Many times after I had gone to bed, I would lie awake, thinking over what Mother had told me, and making up long adventures of my own.

When the proud time came that I could read to myself, my choice of literature was naturally fairy stories. I steeped myself in Cinderella, The Three Bears, Jack the Giant-Killer, and other good old tales, until I could fairly recite them by heart.

All this time my faith in fairies had been unshaken, but when I went to school and found other children rather dubious on the subject, I began to have doubts of my own. However, on reading Peter Pan, I saw at once my dreadful mistake, and since then have not dared to doubt, for, as you know, every time a child doubts, a little fairy dies.

Never have I tired of reading these stories, and I know I never shall. They seem to possess some element lacked by other stories, something which can hardly be named, but which is infinitely sweet and refreshing.

It is this which, when I am tired or dispirited, brings me back again to these dear old tales of my childhood. They are like old friends, always at hand when needed, never failing in their power to make me happy and gay again.

We are sorry that the contribution submitted by Jack Pursell Roads of Hillsboro, Ohio, had to be ruled out because of its length. And though we cannot consider for a prize in an essay contest four year old Jean Henderson's remarks as set down by her mother, we like them well enough to quote them here:

I like fairy stories because they are nice. I like to have you read them. I like them because the fairies are nice to people, good people not naughty ones. I like them because the fairies go to parties. I like them because they take care of people and they are like angels. I like them because they have curly hair and wings and nice dresses. Fairies are nice because they turn things, like little girls, into flowers. I like them because they have candles and not electric lights. I am glad they are all dressed up and pretty.

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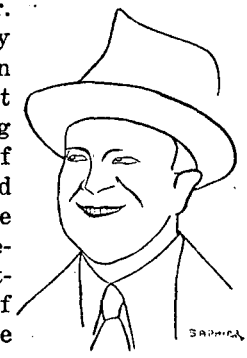
In an address on Dorothy Canfield and her work, Carl Van Doren recently drew attention to a rather significant road sign on the outskirts of Hillsboro, Vermont. It reads: *"Please drive quietly through the streets of our Village."* The very air of this, Mr. Van Doren contended, gave evidence of the presence of Dorothy Canfield. One knew, he affirmed, that where she lived there would be no such warning as: *"Speed Limit 6 miles under penalty of arrest."* The occasion of these remarks was a dinner given by the Authors' Club in honor of Mrs. Fisher. It was the first dinner ever given to a woman by this revered institution and John Erskine, president of the Club, in his welcome to the guest, said that the departure might be regarded as a virtual French Revolution which they felt much inclined to repeat. Among the others who spoke were Don Seitz, Henry Rood and Ellis Parker Butler. The latter asserted that American novels were mainly technique devoid of character creation. Mrs. Fisher said that like the small boy in the kindergarten class who insisted on being a grey squirrel in spite of the fact that all the other children were imitating lions, she had great faith in grey squirrels. Indeed, she thought that by dint of being very good grey squirrels, the old-time magic might be wrought and the grey squirrel suddenly change into a real lion with a roar.

Young Roger Batchelder of the New York "Evening World" was the first man in these United States to know that P. G. Wodehouse had arrived. And he, with the luck which seems to follow newspaper men, met him quite by accident through his own father on the deck of the "Aquitania" at quarantine. After that, of course, any plans Mr. Wodehouse may have had for an unheralded visit went glimmering to the tune of two columns and ten pictures. We found Mr. Wodehouse as delightful as ever—if possible even more generous with his cigarettes—busily pounding a typewriter in a room at the Algonquin. It appeared that he was working on a play, or possibly two plays, to be done in something like two weeks! We accepted a third cigarette and suggested in rapid succession four plays that were worth seeing. Mr. Wodehouse smiled through his glasses—he had seen them all in the two days following his arrival. He seemed particularly happy over the performance of a race horse, a two year old, which he had recently acquired and which is credited with winning its first three races this spring. What situation more fortunate than this for the production of that famous humor of his? We sometimes feel that a winning race horse up our sleeve might make us a humorist of note.



P. G. Wodehouse

A pale young man with pale blue eyes, and pale blond hair parted in the middle; a collegiate youth in New York trying to sell a play about a flapper—a "preposterous, rather common flapper" to use his own words. Trying also to find a beautiful young actress to play the lead in a Peter Pan-ish phantasy (perhaps that's why they picked the fashion editor to interview him). Three guesses as to the new dramatist! If you can't possibly

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guess we'll tell you that he's F. Scott Fitzgerald. He told us confidentially that he expected he'd be forced to pick a flapper off Fifth Avenue and train her to the part. We believe he'd do just that. So you may be discovered yet, Flavia. We hate to shatter any illusions, but Scottie did say—we heard him—that he does *not* like flappers, that he did not marry one—his wife's a "good egg"—and that he did not invent the term as it is used in America. The criminal in this case, says he, is Mr. H. L. Mencken.

He further confessed that he didn't know many authors; did we?—(was that our cue to pipe up, "We've just met one"?) —and that he wanted to. He had visited Joseph Hergesheimer: "He's an egoist but a nice egoist." Then in wandered Your Editor to talk of "Cytherea" and "Crome Yellow". Mr. Fitzgerald thinks Aldous Huxley great because he "kids everybody and kids himself, and kids himself for kidding himself and for kidding everybody,"—just there we lost track of his line, not unlike a sentence in "The Harbor" about "making freighters to carry iron ore to make more freighters to carry iron ore, etc." Scott Fitzgerald makes gorgeous fun of himself; he has a trick of looking up swiftly and mischievously at you, anticipating a laugh. And we do like best in others our own characteristics. We laugh at ourself all the time. It's the safe thing to do. Probably Mr. Fitzgerald does not do it for safety—he has no need to. Perhaps he does it because he's Irish.

The series of exhibitions at the Sculptors' Gallery, which began, last month, with the exhibition of English Modernists, has now reached the French ones, Brancusi, Matisse, and the rest. Brancusi seemed to us the most interesting. His technical skill is enormous, and often his work has beauty of line and surface. Certainly, his famous head of Mlle. Pogany could hardly fail to interest anyone; least of all, evidently, M. Brancusi himself, for he executed it, with only slight variations, no less than three times, once in plain marble, once in veined marble, and once in bronze, in the years between 1913 and 1920. But the artistic intention, served by such excessive simplification as all his work shows, is a little beyond our grasp. We suggest, respectfully, "The Triumph of the Egg, with apologies to Sherwood Anderson", as a possible group title for some future exhibition of M. Brancusi's sculpture. The "Muse" is egg shaped; "Mlle. Pogany" only less so. And a group called "Mother and Child" consists of nothing but two marble eggs, one large and one small, each with the most delicate of delicate suggestions of nose and brow, laid sentimentally facing each other on a red velvet cushion somewhat after the fashion of those decoys in which unsuspecting fowl are often deceived. Nevertheless, we rather liked Mlle. Pogany; and a fragment called "A Hand" gave us genuine pleasure, though probably for all the wrong reasons, from the true "modernist" point of view. On second thoughts, we might as well state boldly why we liked it. It was because it so delightfully *suggested* a hand, without in the least resembling one. It was a sort of idealized, abstract hand, a hand *à la* Plato. And the subtle, narrowing curve from wrist to arm had much beauty. . . . Marie Laurencin's paintings have charm and grace, but no great vigor, it seemed to us. There is a fine sculptural group by Bourdelle, called "Rodin Working

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Reprinted from "Max Beerbohm in Perspective"

Max Beerbohm

on the 'Gate to Hell' "; also, Rodin's "Age of Bronze" and a dancer by Degas. One may count on these, in any case, as a species of landmark, if one feels one's self lost among the surrounding incomprehensibilities. The exhibition is many degrees more freakish (to the outsider) than the English one which preceded it. Hamilton Easter Field, withdrawing from the Society of Independent Artists, accepted, just before his death, the presidency of a new organization, to be called "The Salons of America". It is constructed, apparently, on the same general lines as the Independents; that is, there will be no jury and no prizes, and anyone may acquire the privilege of exhibiting his own painting or sculpture, whatever its character, by joining the society. The first "salon" will not be held until next autumn. Meanwhile various artists, some of them also members of the Independents and the Salons of America, have joined forces to form a third society, called the "Modern Artists of America", which is already holding its first exhibition. We quote from the catalog: "Although there are many art societies in New York, there has been none which welcomed any variation from academic tradition, none where marked individuality could be shown. . . the Modern Artists of America is the first society which has brought together the forces opposed to the blind acceptance of tradition." We confess that our fears that American art was being strangled by conservatism, had been much abated by our visit to the Independent Show (which closed April 2). But, seriously speaking, there were not a few good things to be discovered in the mêlée of the 890-odd exhibits on the Waldorf roof; among these, the delightful wood carvings of twenty year old Texie Myers. Her tiny figures of dancing children had amazing spontaneity and charm, not to mention technical skill remarkable in a young woman without any artistic training. She evidently has extraordinary natural feeling for the plastic arts, which one hopes will not be "educated" out of her.

Why should all the young American critics label the young American humorists, American Max Beerbohms? Max is indubitably a thoroughly delightful and an incomparable gentleman, and, according to Bohun Lynch's cartoon here reproduced, an exceedingly handsome person, too. However, we have our own tradition of humor. Why not stick to that? Why not an English George Ade? Why not an English Mark Twain? True; we have no one so subtle as

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Beerbohm, no one with so delicate, sure and keen a thrust. However, there are writing now, Bob Benchley, Clarence Day, Jr., Donald Ogden Stewart, Bob Sherwood, Connelly and Kaufman, Keith Preston, Don Marquis, F. P. A., and many, many more. George Ade is among us, and Stephen Leacock lives no farther off than Canada. We should prefer that these gentlemen ape the eighteenth century humorists, rather than Beerbohm. In the main, when they ape anyone, they do! The tradition of the Cheshire Cheese hangs heavily over New York's Algonquin and Harry Hansen's Chicago lunches. If you haven't seen "The First Year" and "To the Ladies!", and if you live in New York City, you should. Especially in the latter, is true American satire. On the whole, we would rather have written the banquet scene in "To the Ladies!" than any other one scene we know of. It is the revolt against the *formal banquet*. It should be seen in every town across the land. Why tell a funny story, anyway?

We liked, in the February magazines, "Old Actor" by Maxwell Bodenheim (Double-Dealer); "Of Beauty and Love" by Babette Deutsch (Measure); "The Voice" by Oscar Williams (All's Well); "Doppelganger" by William Rose Benét (New Republic); "Upstream" by Carl Sandburg (New Republic).

From the region of Montana ranches comes the news that Fanny Cory is working on a book of Fairy Tales. Do you remember her covers on "St. Nicholas", her "Tragedies of Childhood", her "Baby Record Book"? Well, we do, and now that she's the wife of a good ranchman and has children of her own, we're glad she hasn't forgotten her old public.

Three prizes for original poems are being offered by Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas. Among them is a hundred dollar prize open to all undergraduate students in American universities and colleges. Each contestant must send in three typewritten copies of each poem submitted. His name, however, should not appear on his manuscript. The poems must not have been previously published (except in the case of college publications). Subject matter and form are optional; but the length must not exceed one hundred and fifty lines. The judges of the contest are Witter Bynner, John Erskine, and William Rose Benét. Manuscripts should be addressed to Jay B. Hubbell, professor of English at the university, and must reach Dallas not later than May 15, 1922. And speaking of prizes, on March 22 the Society of Arts and Sciences held its annual dinner in honor of O. Henry. The evening marked the publication of the third annual volume of O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories, in which are included the prize winners of 1921. These are "The Heart of Little Shikara" by Edison Marshall, published in "Everybody's", January, 1921, and "The Man Who Cursed the Lilies" by Charles Tenney Jackson, "Short Stories", December 10, 1921. A special prize was awarded this year to Wilbur Daniel Steele for general excellence in the short story in 1919, 1920, and 1921. Edward J. Wheeler of the Committee served as toastmaster; Blanche Colton Williams, chairman of the Committee, made the awards. Other speakers of the evening were S. S. McClure, Don Seitz, Sophie Kerr, Alexander Black, Channing Pollock, and Henry S. Canby.

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